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THE GRAPHIC, NOVEMBER 11, 1899

(DRAWN BY P. ECKHARDT.)



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THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1899 WITH EXTRA EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT "The War"

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DRAWN BY H. DE HAENEN FROM A SKETCH BY D. MACPHERSON
A detachment of bluejackets and marines left Southampton last Saturday to reinforce the ships on the Cape station, which have sent men to form the naval brigade at the front. They went from Portsmouth to Southampton in the gunboats *Magnet* and *Ant*, which ran close alongside the liner to enable the men to go aboard with as little delay as possible.
REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE CAPE STATION: BLUEJACKETS GOING ON BOARD THE S.S. "BRITON" AT SOUTHAMPTON

Topics of the Week

Some APART from the military situation in Natal, the past week has been notable for a subsidence, **Vanished** both at home and abroad, in the lingering **Delusions** feelings of antagonism with which the South African War has been viewed in certain quarters.

The idea of foreign intervention has completely vanished. That fact need not be accepted as showing that it never had any existence. On the contrary, its prompt abandonment is more probably due to the circumstance that it was seriously suggested, and that it succumbed under the practical examination to which it was subjected. The intervention suggested is one of those schemes which, though superficially plausible, have only to be probed to the bottom to prove unacceptable, if not impracticable. In the first place, two delusions have to be dismissed. One is that, in present circumstances, intervention would not be actively resisted by this country; the other—dear to the hearts of *patriotards* like M. de Cassagnac and M. Drumont—is that even if we resisted we could not do so effectively. *Ergo*, intervention means war, and not only a European war but a war in which the whole civilised world would be engaged, in which North America would stand by the side of the Old Country, and which at the same time would rage in Asia and Africa and faraway Australasia. Is it surprising that, in the face of this terrible possibility, European statesmen have come to the conclusion that the South African question does not interest them? At home the vanishing of the party which, on the eve of war, delighted in declaring that this country was in the wrong is not less conspicuous. We may read it in the sweeping results of the by-elections at Bow and Bromley and Exeter. The optimist Radicals who interpret the verdict of these constituencies as a sort of interim judgment, implying merely support of a vigorous war as a means to a peace which ought never to have been broken, are deluding themselves with hopes which they will speedily find have no foundation. The Wolf and Lamb theory of this war, so far as Great Britain was held to represent the Wolf and the Transvaal the Lamb, has been killed by the military revelations of the last few weeks. It is no longer possible to talk of a war of aggression on the part of this country. What is now as clear as daylight is that a great military Power had organised itself on our borders in South Africa, with objects inimical to British interests, a Power which was only awaiting an opportunity of falling upon us hip and thigh and driving us into the sea. This point was well brought home to the public mind by the luminous speech delivered by Sir Edward Grey last Saturday. The Boers had made South Africa the Achilles' heel of the British Empire. Their armaments had constituted them a possible, indeed a certain, ally for any foreign Power with whom we might have difficulties, and on this point there can be little doubt that Dr. Leyds had given ample assurances to the Continental Powers whose interests clash with our own. It is the consciousness of this grave fact, which has now united all sections of the nation in support of the Government. They support the war, not because, as Sir William Harcourt has said, it exists and it cannot be helped, but because it is a war in which from the beginning we have been in the right, and which is being waged to save the whole Empire from a peril of the first gravity. We may, indeed, congratulate ourselves that if the war has not found us as well prepared to meet it on the spot, as we should have been, it has, at any rate, not come at a moment when our hands might have been tied elsewhere.

The **Conspiracy** **Trial in** **France** **ALTHOUGH** the State trial now taking place in France does not excite a tithe of the interest which accompanied the Rennes trial of Captain Dreyfus, it is closely connected with that gross miscarriage of justice. Whether the present accused are guilty or innocent of the offence laid to their charge, it is beyond dispute that a widespread conspiracy did exist, that the hope of the conspirators was based on discontent among the superior officers of the Army, and that there would have been serious commotions, if not civil war, had the Government displayed any lack of courage. The Monarchists, the most energetic party of all, anticipated that if, by the help of the Bonapartists and the Anti-Semites, the Republic was overthrown, it would be an easy matter to secure the throne for the Duke of Orleans. Probably the Bonapartists had a very different opinion on that point; they counted upon the magic influence still exercised by the name and fame of Napoleon on the popular imagination. As for the Anti-Semites, having no candidate of their own, they appear to have been ready to "back the winner," provided he pledged himself to make things unpleasant for the Jews in general and for Captain Dreyfus in particular. That the Government has acted most rightly by bringing to trial those whom they believe to have been ringleaders in this triple conspiracy admits of no question. But it needed considerable courage all the same, for Ministers must have recognised that the Cabinet would fall under a storm of ridicule if the accused walked out of court without a stain on their characters as devoted Republicans.

HAVING cleared away the Khalifa and his now attenuated following from the vicinity of the Nile Valley, Lord Kitchener invites the British tourist to pay a visit to the place where heroic Gordon died. Next week the finishing touches will be given to that monumental work, the Wady Halfa-Khartoum Railway, and as the Sirdar has just performed the long journey from the latter city to Cairo in a little under three days without waiting for the completion of the line, the trip will involve very little loss of time to those who winter at the Egyptian capital. Nor should the expense be prohibitory; in any case, it is bound to be very much less than the cost of ascending the Nile in *daibeaks* used to be. A tourist train, furnished with dining and sleeping cars, is already organised, so that the traveller can take his place at Cairo with full assurance of a comfortable and interesting journey. Furthermore, a small hotel is about to be opened at Khartoum, and although the visitor must not count upon palatial surroundings or sumptuous fare, the Sirdar will see to it that the hostelry provides decent accommodation for its patrons. It is much to be hoped, therefore, that a trip to Khartoum will come into vogue as a pleasant method of passing the winter. At that season the climate is invigorating and most healthy, while the more the Soudanese are brought into personal contact with Europeans, the quicker will the long-pent-up tide of Western civilisation spread over the country which Lord Kitchener freed from the vilest and most ruthless despotism the world has ever seen.

The Court

THE QUEEN has bidden farewell to the Highlands until next spring, and has returned south for the winter. Very rough weather marked Her Majesty's last days at Balmoral, but the Queen was out as usual, taking her favourite drives and paying farewell visits to her neighbours. Visitors, too, were being entertained at the Castle up to the time of departure, the Duke and Duchess of Fife coming to dine and sleep, while various officers of the Cameron Highlanders have been received by Her Majesty, besides other guests from the neighbourhood. The Queen and Princess Beatrice with her children are expected at Windsor Castle to breakfast this (Saturday) morning, having travelled all night by special train as usual. The Royal party dine and take tea in the train, which is to slow down for a few hours in the middle of the night in order that the Queen may rest well. About a month will be spent at Windsor, and Her Majesty will have a busy time with the German Emperor's visit, her trip to Bristol on Wednesday, and several official receptions.

There will be a big gathering of our Royal House at Windsor to welcome the German Emperor on the 20th inst. The Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and the Duke of Cambridge will all be staying at the Castle for part of the Imperial visit, while Ministers, diplomats, and the most prominent members of the political and social world will come down in turn for the succession of dinner parties which the Queen intends to give in her grandson's honour. Possibly the Emperor may stay a fortnight in England, including his visit to Lord Lansdale.

Birthday festivities have been the order of the day at Sandringham, where the Prince of Wales kept his fifty-eighth birthday on Thursday. The Prince and Princess and family arrived at the end of last week, the Prince staying a day behind in town to attend the wedding of Miss Alexandra Ellis—daughter of the Prince's Equerry, Sir Arthur Ellis, and god-daughter to the Princess—with Sir Arthur Hardinge, H.M. Consul-General at Zanzibar. Princess Louise accompanied the Prince to the church and also to the reception given by Lady Ellis. All the Prince's family and a few intimate friends assembled at Sandringham for the birthday, when gifts, letters, and congratulatory telegrams poured in upon the Prince from all quarters. The Prince's grandchildren are always much to the fore on such occasions, while the foreign branches of the Royal House are very careful to remember each other's birthdays. Moreover, the Prince of Wales and the Duc de Chartres, who were born on the same date with a year's difference, always exchange souvenirs. Nor are the rejoicings confined to the Prince's family, for his humbler neighbours on the Sandringham estate always share the festivities by a dinner to the men and boys, while all the churches round mark the day by merry peals of bells. Next week the Prince goes to Rufford Abbey to stay with Lord and Lady Savile, but his visit is to be very quiet.

Hastings and St. Leonards gave the Duke of Connaught a hearty welcome on his visit for the annual meeting of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Sussex Freemasons. Twice before the Duke has been obliged to put off his visit, so special interest was felt in his arrival. Another of the Duke's arrangements was to visit Wellington College on Sunday for the dedication of the new south aisle erected in memory of Archbishop Benson, who was the first head master of the College. As a Governor of the College, and the godson of the great Duke who gave it its name, the Duke never fails to be present at any important event in the College history, so he attended the Dedication Service with Prince Christian and afterwards planted a tree in memory.

The Orleans bride and bridegroom have taken up their quarters at Prince Jean's French estate, Nouvion-en-Thierache, which the Duc d'Aumale left to the Duc de Chartres for his son. It is a lovely place, and will probably be the young people's chief home, as Prince Jean has completed his service in the Danish Army. The Duc d'Orléans has made his sister and brother-in-law Duc and Duchesse de Guise—a famous historic title in the French Royal House. There is a certain fitness in a Duc de Guise possessing Nouvion, for the last holder of the title was the son of the Duc d'Aumale.

The latest Imperial meeting is between Emperor William and the Tsar, the Russian Sovereign paying the German Emperor a visit at Potsdam on his road home from Darmstadt.

The Bystander

"S and by."—CARLTON CUTLER

By J. ASHBY-STERN

Is the poetry of the City declining? "Poetry of the City?" I think I hear some thousands of constant readers of *The Graphic* say. "There is no poetry in the City and never was." I am not taking it if not commonplace, matter-of-fact and severely prosaic. I beg your pardon. For many years I have studied the City, and I have collected all the articles I have written on the subject, and in the uncommercial aspect of the City and published them in a volume with certain verses I have perpetrated on the subject, though you might be somewhat bored, I know you would be considerably astonished, and I trust convinced of the soundness of my view of the subject. I used to know every inch of the City and all its phases and conditions. I remember once walking about half night, and subsequently giving my experiences under the title of "In the Silent City," in *All the Year Round*. I have strolled through it on a Sunday afternoon, and endeavoured to convey my impressions in "Nothing in the City," and have made an exhaustive tour of all its quaint and interesting churches, and have endeavoured to depict my adventures in "In Search of a Church." And it is in connection with the last named subject that I venture to ask the question which opens this paragraph.

It was only yesterday that I saw a paragraph to the effect that there was a proposition afoot for the further demolition of City churches, and that the scheme was to remove all the edifices erected since the time of Sir Christopher Wren. This if carried out would entail the sacrifice of fine examples by Hawksmoor, Gibbs, George Dance, James Gold, Horne, Gilson and others. Of course the value of the sites of churches throughout the City is something enormous, and the scanty attendance at many of them offers great temptation to dedicate the ground they occupy to buildings which would bring in a magnificent rental. But during the last five-and-twenty years not a few churches have disappeared from the City, and it is to be hoped that there will be considerable hesitation before their number is added to. Surely there must be other buildings whose presence could be better dispensed with than some of the picturesque churches already alluded to. Let us, however, hope that after all the rumour may be devoid of foundation, and that despite the many changes of recent times the poetry of the City will not be at present altogether extinguished.

Judging from the communications I have recently received on the subject, my remarks last week on the recent upheaval of our streets seem to have touched a chord that has vibrated throughout the whole of London. Everybody complains loudly of being turned off the footpath into the road, especially in such filthy weather as we have recently experienced. As far as I can make out, all this trouble has been occasioned by some company or companies in the electric light interest in order that they may efficiently carry out their business and achieve a satisfactory dividend for their shareholders. This is, doubtless, a very praiseworthy object, but I may remark I, as a ratepayer, do not get anything out of it, nor do I receive any compensation for the spoliation of my shoes, the splashing of my coat, the injury to my temper, or the disturbance of my peace of mind. This nuisance not only goes on all day, but continues all night. These energetic workmen have lit a vast bonfire opposite my front door, and hammer and chip and chip and hammer till they scare away all sleep from the neighbourhood. I sincerely trust the parish is in some way compensated for all this inconvenience, but I fear they are not better off than unfortunate ratepayers like myself. Is it not time that all the principal thoroughfares in London were provided with subways, and that this perpetual pulling up of the roadways and sidewalks was at an end? There is probably not a day in the year when some thoroughfare in the metropolis is not broken up. This is not, it should be well understood, for legitimate repairs, but for the requirements of people who sell gas, water and electricity. If the L.C.C. wish to rival the great works of their predecessors, namely the drainage of London and the Thames Embankment, they could not do better than organise a scheme for the provision of a system of subways to all streets throughout London.

A very silly word has recently made an unsuccessful attempt to thrust itself into the English language, and that is "bikewheel." It is silly because it does not definitely convey what it tries to express. A wheel is, it may be presumed, intended to rotate on the axis of a bicycle and tricycles, but it is equally applicable to roller omnibuses or carriages, or those who disport themselves on roller skates. Now, the word "bike," though by no means elegant, is a good one, because it clearly conveys its meaning. If a man informed you he had been biking, or had been on biked, or had been on the morning you would know exactly what he meant, and would not be liable to confuse his exercise with any other kind of wheels. Your favourite poet brought out a volume entitled *Wheels and Bikes*, but if he you might think it referred to some lazy daydream, or would see at a glance that the steel steed had been the source of his inspiration. Though it has been said that the use of language is to conceal our thoughts, there are occasions when it is necessary to clearly understand the speaker's meaning.

Recently it has been the custom at the auction of a large number of drawings by an artist of note, to have the initials stamped on the corner as an evidence of authenticity. It is a question whether this plan is of much service. Of course if you buy your picture at a sale you know it is authentic, and the stamping is organised, you cannot well make a mistake. The evidence of particulars of the sale, the date of its occurrence, the evidence of the catalogue, and many other circumstances that would bear witness to the authenticity of your purchase. Almost all stamps are stamp that renders the system dangerous. Almost all stamps are easy to counterfeit, and therefore you run the risk of purchasing a weak imitation of some popular artist, which is a very bad thing. These stamps are genuine, because you recognise the stamp upon the picture. If these stamps are counterfeited, of course there is an end to all connection that a sign might have afforded. You may say such a thing is a forgery—and so it is. But, I am inclined to think we have heard of the signatures of eminent painters being counterfeited. And the man who would venture to forge a signature would not hesitate to fabricate a false stamp.

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

As the African cables are all controlled by the British military censors, it is astonishing that the news of the reverse which occurred to our forces at Ladysmith last week reached the Continent before it was communicated to the authorities at the War Office. That has given occasion for much loose talk. There are, indeed, several instances in the West End of relatives of officers at the front having received telegrams before the official message reached the War Office. Of course, short messages of that kind would be allowed to pass while the official despatch was being prepared, and their early arrival does not at all point to the presence of so extensive a leakage as some imagine.

The Government is keeping an unprecedentedly tight grip upon Africa. There is one matter in connection with this official control which is giving much annoyance, and causing in some cases much suffering. It is inevitable that the list of casualties telegraphed from the front should occasionally contain mistakes, but the errors which have occurred since hostilities commenced have been exceptionally numerous. The anxiety which now exists is terrible enough without this uncertainty being added to the hopes and fears which relatives of the officers and men already entertain.

Almost every West End club has contributed a large contingent of its members to the force which Sir Redvers Buller is to command in South Africa. The Bachelors' Club, it is calculated, alone will have sent a hundred and twenty of its members! With the exception of exclusively military clubs, the Bachelors contains the largest number of military members, and fully one-half are in one way or another connected with the Army.

As our soldiers seemed destined to be under arms at Christmas time, and as it is only some seven weeks from that now, it is time to suggest that provision should be made to enable them to have what Christmas cheer their situation will permit. The ladies of England might form themselves into a Christmas club, and contribute plum-puddings, turkeys, mince-pies, and other accompaniments of the season to be despatched to the troops in South Africa.

But, above all, the families of those soldiers who are on active service should be provided for in that respect. In every district there should be formed a committee of ladies whose object it would be to compile a complete list of the families of soldiers who are serving in South Africa who are living in their neighbourhood. Their names and addresses having been ascertained, the local ladies' association should make a point of helping them to spend as cheerful a Christmas as will be possible in the circumstances.

The public and his many friends alike will learn with regret that the strain of the past few months has affected the health of Mr. Fleetwood Wilson, the Assistant Under-Secretary for War. All the arrangements for the mobilisation of the Army Corps having been completed, and the fleet of transports which carries that force having been despatched, Mr. Fleetwood Wilson has been compelled to seek rest and for the moment to desist from work at the office.

Lord Rosebery has the gift of handling literary subjects with rare delicacy and charm of expression. When presiding at the proceeding of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution last week, he incidentally sought for a definition of taste. The writer would recommend the following to Lord Rosebery as a definition which meets most of the requirements: Taste is the sense of the appropriate and tact of the opportune.

War affects a variety of interests. The manufacturer of coloured cloths and materials will be heavy sufferers indirectly, for fashion will soon issue the order that neutral colours are to be worn until the close of hostilities. That will be to show sympathy with those who have to mourn for their dead, and for the others who are anxious for their wounded. It is a graceful act, moreover, in war time for the womankind of those who are risking life and limb to eschew gay coloured materials. The unfortunate manufacturers, however, who have produced their winter stock, unmindful of the possible outbreak of hostilities, will have to repent their want of foresight.

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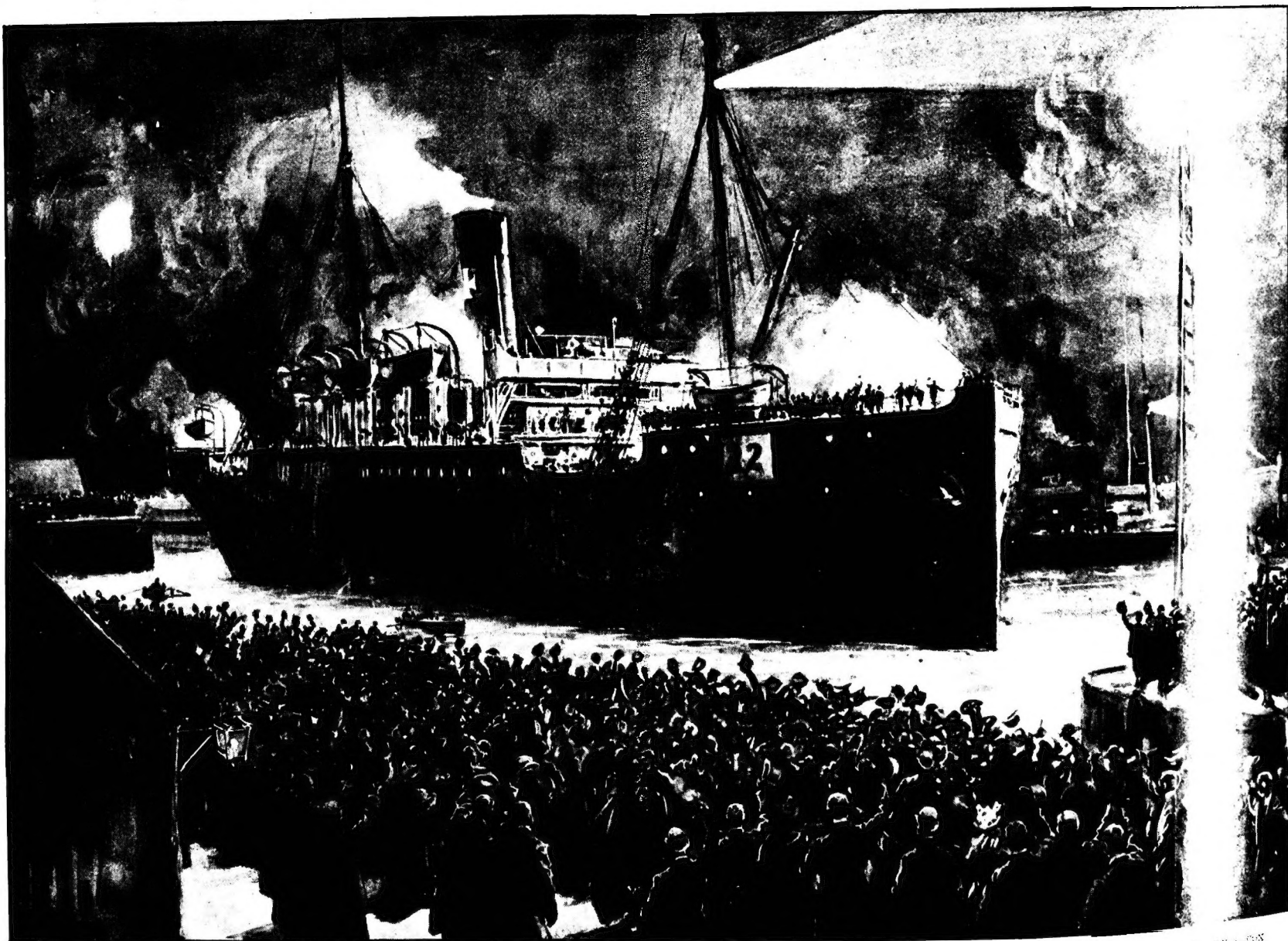
DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY F. C. JENKINSON

The Union Company's steamer *Briton*, which left Southampton last Saturday, took out the 2nd Battalion of the Somersetshire Light Infantry and a contingent of seamen for distribution among ships on the Cape station, to fill the places of the men of the Naval Brigade on shore. The bluejackets came to Southampton

from Portsmouth by sea in the gunboats *Magnet* and *Ant*. Our illustration shows them taking their kit from the old three-decker, the *Duke of Wellington*, now used as a depot at Portsmouth, down to the gunboats

OFF TO SOUTH AFRICA: A NAVAL DETACHMENT TAKING THEIR KIT FROM THE DEPOT AT PORTSMOUTH



DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY F. C. JENKINSON

The Houlder Line steamer *Urmston Grange* sailed at night from Birkenhead with the 64th Battery R.F.A., a detachment of the Durham Light Infantry, and a section of the Royal Army Medical Corps for the Cape. The arrival and embarkation of the troops evoked great enthusiasm at Birkenhead

THE TRANSPORT "URMSTON GRANGE" WITH TROOPS FOR SOUTH AFRICA LEAVING BIRKENHEAD DOCKS AT NIGHT



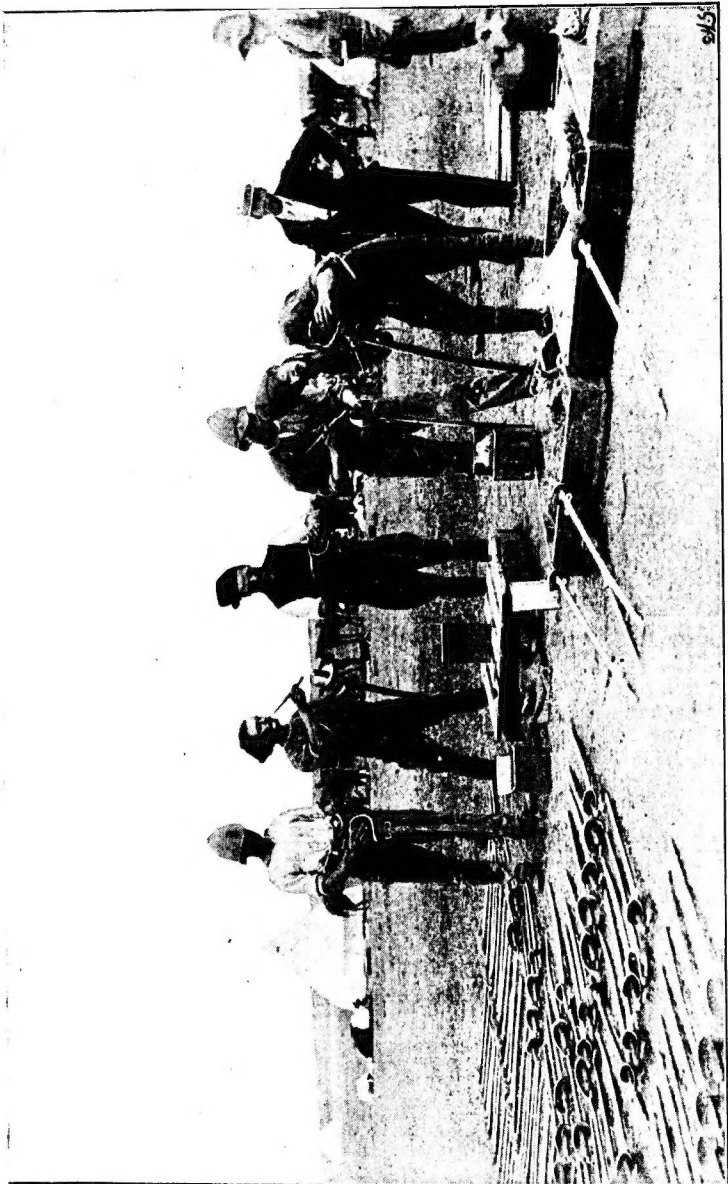
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. MAUD

DR. H. M. PAGET

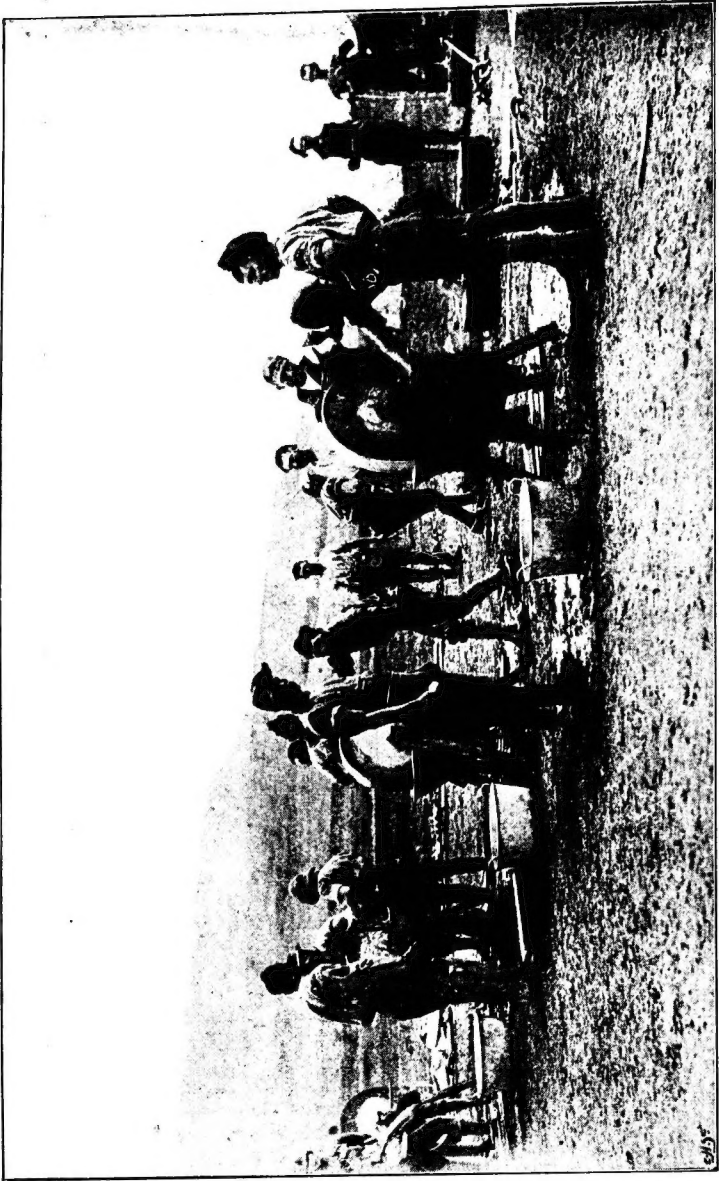
Special Artist, who went out to the Cape on the *Tintagel Castle*, writes:—"We were two days from Cape Town when we met the *Dunvegan Castle* homeward bound. . . . Word came down from the bridge that a ship was in sight on the port bow, and all crowded along the bulwarks to get a glimpse of her. The excitement at this moment was intense. Slowly but surely three masts and a big red funnel rose above the presently the hull of the *Dunvegan Castle* came into view. The captain altered course several points, and closed in on her. We watched while the flags which made the query, 'Is it peace or war?'

fluttered up from the bridge to the mast-head, and then we waited for the answer. Presently three flags fluttered above her bridge—a white pennant, with a red ball in its centre; then another pennant, half yellow and half blue; and below these two a square red flag, with a yellow cross upon it. A pause; and then again four others flew aloft to join their fellows. This was the message, and the flags came tumbling down like wounded birds upon her deck. Our eyes turned instinctively towards the captain, and some one on the bridge said in a low voice, 'War—last Wednesday!'

IS IT PEACE OR WAR? AN INCIDENT IN THE VOYAGE OF THE "TINTAGEL CASTLE" TO THE CAPE



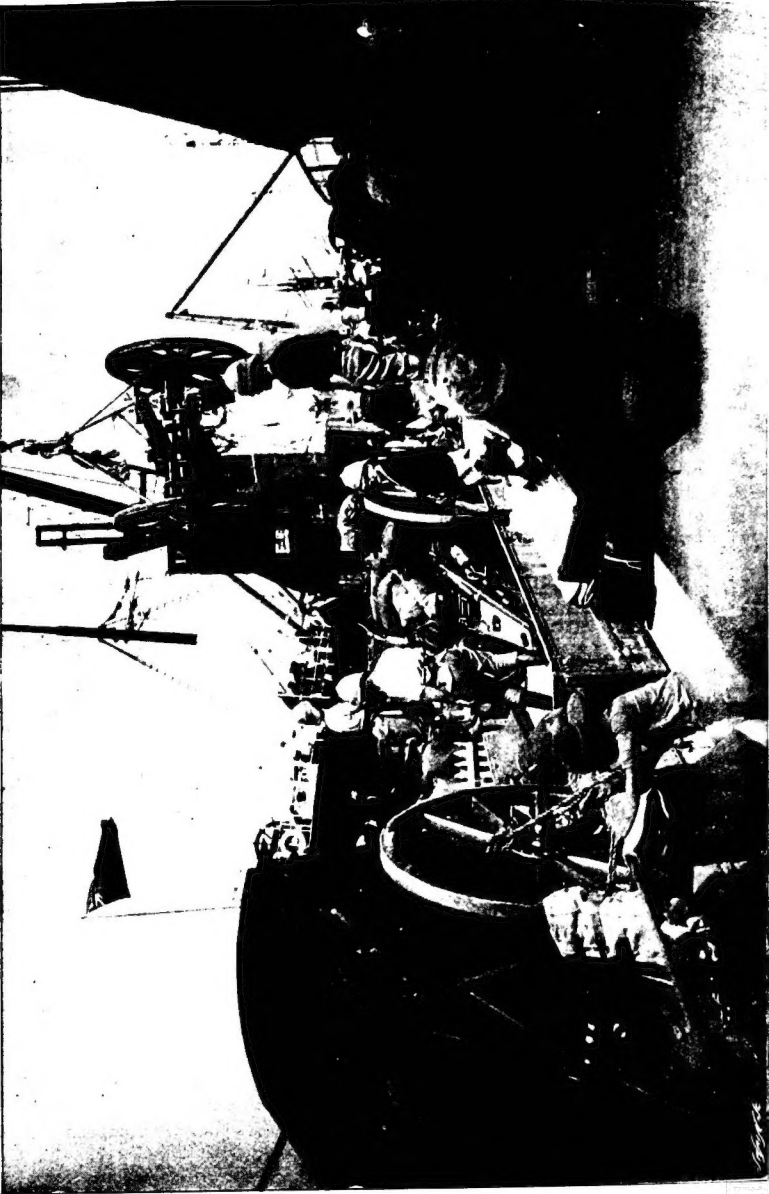
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. W. NICHOLLS, JOHANNESBURG
DULLING THE SWORD SHEATHS BEFORE GOING INTO ACTION TO RENDER THEM LESS VISIBLE TO THE ENEMY
WITH THE ADVANCE COLUMN IN THE DUNDEE CAMP



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. W. NICHOLLS, JOHANNESBURG
PUTTING AN EDGE ON THEIR "PENKNIVES"
WITH THE ADVANCE COLUMN IN THE DUNDEE CAMP



The 2nd Battalion of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers has been doing good service in South Africa, and especially distinguish itself at the battle of Dundee. Our illustration is from a photograph by J. Wallace Bradley, Durban.
ROYAL DUBLIN FUSILIERS RETURNING TO DUNDEE AFTER OUTPOST DUTY AT GLENCOE



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. WALLACE BRADLEY, DURBAN
LANDING AND ENTRAINING ARTILLERY FROM A TRANSPORT AT DURBAN
FROM THE COAST TO THE FRONT IN SOUTH AFRICA



"Mother! mother!" She was clasped in the arms of this girl, her burning cheeks were kissed, and she was enveloped in a cloud of white muslin and in an atmosphere of heliotrope.

WINEFRED: A STORY OF THE CHALK CLIFFS

By S. BARING-GOULD. Illustrated by EDGAR BUNDY, R.I.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE BATH ASSEMBLY

THE maid in response to an unperceived rap, though they came an hour at night. She saw the flicker of the oil lamp overhead, a woman standing on the step. On asking the mistress, she answered, "I want to see Winefred."

"Miss Holwood," said the maid, with emphasis. "Miss Holwood is not in the Assembly Hall."

"Where is that?"

"In the Assembly Rooms, of course."

"But where are they?"

"Near the Circus."

"How can I find them?"

"You must go along Gay Street till you reach the Circus, then turn left and see a building with pillars, between Alfred Street and the place."

"I am a stranger. I cannot find off seeing Miss Holwood till to-morrow?"

"You must see her. It is important."

"What can I do with her?"

"If you must," said the maid, "then there is no help for it. You must do one of two things, either wait till our midnight. They will not be late as our

mistress is gone, and it is the first time for years—or else you can go with me to the Rooms. Did you say you had come from a great distance?"

"Yes, from Axmouth. I have walked all day, and more than one day."

"Are you not tired?"

"I am too anxious to see her to be tired."

"Well, you may step inside and sit down. I shall be going to the Assembly Rooms shortly myself with the shawls and clogs. Our ladies drove there, but are going to walk home."

"How long before you go?"

"In an hour. I have a mind to see what I can of the dancers in their gay dresses and jewellery."

"I would wish to go with you."

"Come in, then, and be seated. Shall I give you a mouthful first? You must be hungry. We are about to have our supper, and you shall join us. That done we will go."

Jane Marley consented.

The girl was good-natured, simple, and fresh, but not devoid of curiosity. In the kitchen she observed the stranger woman, how dirt-soiled, weary, and dishevelled she was. Her clothes were of good material, in cut above those of the class of the domestic, and there was a distinction in the manner, and nobility in the face that imposed on the girl.

"You will do up your hair and be shaken down a bit before you go," said she, "and slip off your shoes and I'll give them a brush up. You see—unless tidied they are not likely to admit you."

The girl endeavoured to extract some particulars from the stranger concerning herself and relative to her purpose in coming to Bath. But Jane was reticent. Her impatience was so manifest that the

maid hurried over her work so as to be ready to start for the Assembly Rooms. And when she was prepared she made Mrs. Marley assist in carrying the mantles and shawls.

"You see there are four of them," she explained; "the old lady I thought never would have gone out into Society again, but with this Miss Holwood she has made an exception. They say she's a regular beauty, and Mr. Wardroper comes here a lot, but whether it be after Miss Jesse or she—that's more than I can guess. Miss Holwood has a power of fine dresses—oh, my! you should see them, and they set her off beautiful. Her father, he's never tired of making her pretty presents, and she has the beautifullest gold watch."

Mrs. Marley listened eagerly, as the girl ran on. And it was thus talking that they arrived at the Rooms, where they readily obtained admission as servants of Mrs. Tomkin-Jones.

Jane was bewildered at the light, the sound of music, the buzz of voices and tramp of feet, and the to her unwonted splendour of the surroundings.

The Bath Assembly Rooms are, perhaps, the best constructed in England. There is not a step or staircase throughout. Ballroom, octagon, card and tea rooms, all are on one level; and the suite is so contrived as to have four exits in the event of fire. A central cross with an octagonal vestibule adorned with columns gives access to the ballroom, great octagon, and tearoom. The whole was gilded, and sparkled with wax lights. We have advanced vast strides in illumination, but no amount of glare can compensate for the mellowness and beauty of the light that came from innumerable wax candles.

Into the principal portions of the building, the servants were not admitted; but they hung about the entrance to the vestibule, and

were even allowed to encroach somewhat further, to invade the vestibule itself.

Jane penetrated to the pillars sustaining the entablature, and stood there, seeing the gleam of dresses as they flashed by the open door of the ballroom, and observing the dancers who, heated or thirsty, came forth to sit and become cool, or enter the tearoom for refreshment.

There were benches in the octagonal vestibule against the wall, and near where Jane stood were a couple of elderly bucks, commenting on those who swept by, or exchanging opinions on the difference in style in the women of the present from the past.

"By the way, Gorges," said one of these in a blue coat with brass buttons and white waistcoat, "what is your opinion of the newcomer?"

"I should say that Audrey had slipped into Rosalind's cast clothes."

"Ah! a case of female Christopher Sly."

"For shame! That is not fair. There is nothing coarse about her—only rustic and piquant."

"Piquante she is, I hear—with her tongue."

"Do you know her father?"

"Holwood," replied Gorges. "Can't say I do—he is or has been in the Foreign Office. Eminently fitted for his post, I should say."

"I hear he has come in for money, through the death of an aunt."

"It is a deuced shame that some men have all the luck in this world and some none. Why should he come in for money and a beautiful daughter? By Gad! Look at my three rose-buds! Old and cankered everyone. I can't dispose of them, because I cannot, like the Pope, offer my roses of gold."

"I am like Henry IV. of Germany. Thank God I have none to dispose of. I find it difficult enough to dispose of myself in an easy chair."

Jane but partially understood what was said. The allusions escaped her altogether.

Turning to the girl who had accompanied her, she whispered: "I shall never know her—never in the dress she will be wearing."

"I will point her out to you," said the maid. "Here come some. The waltz is over. Stand back, they will pass this way."

"Hang it, Gorges," said the man in blue; "we shall have to vacate our seats. I'd go into the cardroom, but, dem it, I dare not touch cards—I never won, never; and to lose eternally is not fun."

The maid touched Jane. "She is coming on her father's arm."

Mrs. Marley drew back, a spike as of ice pierced her heart. For a moment she said nothing. Before her rose a blue vapour, like wood smoke, and the lights died away to mere sparks.

She was about to see him, after a lapse of many years, whom she had once loved with her passionate heart, but now abhorred; the man who had desolated her life and now proposed to render it absolutely desert by bereaving her of her child.

It was as though a vast gulf opened before her, and she looked across it at the man who had once been so near to her—the gulf of time that had swallowed up her youth and all her happiness.

She could dimly perceive in the haze a middle-aged man, spruce, with hair curled and shining, high white collars, and a spotless neckcloth, a cream silk uncrumpled waistcoat, and a face bland, with a fine complexion. Slowly, as from a swoon, she rallied. It was the pressure on her arm of the maid's hand that recovered her and brought her back from the region of dream.

"There, there!"

She saw before her a beautiful girl, with low dress and bare arms, gloved hands, in white, with no other colour about her than a rose in her hair and a coral and gold necklet—a girl, lovely, far surpassing all that Jane could have imagined.

A cry of joy; and, in a moment—

"Mother! mother!"

She was clasped in the arms of this girl, her burning cheeks were kissed, and she was enveloped in a cloud of white muslin, and in an atmosphere of heliotrope.

Jane Marley hastily disengaged herself and thrust Winefred aside. She looked about her with flashing eye, and had reared herself proudly.

A circle had formed around them, a second ring was behind, composed of others looking over the shoulders of those in the first row, then again others, packing in from behind—a circle, a mass, a rising wave of faces and forms, beaux with eyeglasses lifted, ladies in ball dresses, fans fluttering. The orchestra had ceased. The drift was through the vestibule to the tearoom. There were curiosity, malice, surprise in every face.

Jane looked from one to another.

"It is not true," she said slowly, distinctly, deliberately. "I am not her mother. I am her old nurse. I am nothing but the nurse. But she has a good heart, a heart of gold, and she loves me. Look at me, then look at her. It is her condescension to stoop to such as me. I thank you, miss. I am obliged for the flattering recognition."

"For mercy's sake, not a scene!" exclaimed Jesse Jones, thrusting herself through the ring. "Here, quick. Into this little room; it is empty. You obstruct the promenaders." And with tact and energy, the girl pressed Winefred, her father and Mrs. Marley into a small apartment, shut the door, and planted herself without as a guard.

Then with a laugh Jesse said to those who looked and whispered and wondered, "The old goodie is delighted to see the child she nursed. Give them leave awhile. It will be a dream of delight for the woman's after life. Pray move on."

The room into which the three had been thrust so unceremoniously was poorly illumined by two wax candles on a table. It had been intended as a place to which cronies might retreat to gossip or talk politics, and perhaps also to which couples might retire for the making and answering the eventful proposal.

There was stillness within, after the noise without. Jane looked hastily around, and seeing that there was no one else present, said to Winefred with vehemence, "My child! my child! They shall not take you from me that I never see you more."

"Mother, no. They shall not."

"And you did not write that it was with your consent?"

"With my consent!"

"That I should be pensioned off and moved away, so that we should never, never meet again, that I should never, never see your face more."

"Mother, I could not write that, you know it. Nothing would make me do such a thing."

"I felt here," said the woman, surging up, as she pressed her hands to her heart, "I felt here that it could not be. But yet I was uneasy. I could not say—among grandfolk, what had been spoken and done to wean you away. I thought that you might feel that I lowered you."

"Never," exclaimed Winefred, and turned sharply about to face her father. "Who wrote that?"

"It was he, then," said Mrs. Marley, "he who has been my woe from the moment I came to know him."

"I—I wrote nothing," faltered Mr. Holwood; "I am quite innocent in this matter. I believe it was Mrs. Tomkin-Jones who wrote."

"You did not write with your hand, but with hers," said Jane wrathfully. "You admit, you know that she wrote. It was you. Cursed be the tongue that proved my undoing, cursed be the heart that devised this new cruelty."

"Mother!" entreated Winefred, and she put her hand on Jane Marley's mouth.

"Look, look!" cried the outraged woman, thrusting her aside, "see him sidle towards the door, instead of facing what is unpleasant. That has ever been his way. He has thrust himself into situations that were uncomfortable, into associations that proved irksome, has contracted ties that galled him, and he has never had the courage to accept the consequences of his own acts. As soon as all is not easy and troubles begin he sneaks away like a coward—a coward that he is. He will never do that which is right, if right weighs over a couple of ounces. Coward! you who took from me my young hopes will take from me now my child. He contrived it; he is too mean to admit it. No!" She threw herself between the man and the door. "He now seeks only how he may slip away. Coward, listen to what I have to say. Hide behind the window curtains will you! I rejoice there is so much shame left in you. Listen. I ask of you one thing alone, and with that alone will I be content. I do not say acknowledge me! Whether I be your wife or no, God and the law alone can tell. Not that. That I do not desire. Nothing on earth would bring me to acknowledge you. That is what it has arrived at now. I scorn, hate you, so that no power could make me hold out this right hand and say 'husband!' to so despicable a wretch. See. I have on the wedding-ring that you once gave me in the ruined church, blessed by the unfrocked parson. I pluck it off and cast it from me."

With trembling fingers she suited the action to the word, and the little gold hoop rolled to his feet.

"I should despise myself to think that I were linked for the remainder of my life to such as you. No, no, no! I desire nothing of you, not your name, not your money, not your protection. I can elbow my way along without aid from such a grasshopper as you. But there is one thing I will not endure, that you should tear my child from me. I know that she is a lady, and a lady let her remain. I will never do a thing to lower her before the world. And it is because I will not be parted from her that I humble myself to make one request of you. I do not ask you to let her acknowledge me as her mother. I am undeserving of that. But I do ask, let me see her, let me hear her talk, let me be near her, and for that I will be a scullerymaid in your house."

"Mother!"

"Let me speak. My heart is bursting. I shall die if you interrupt. You say that I am a violent woman, unfit to be with other servants, impossible in a house. Try me. Let me be near her, and you shall see. You will find me docile and meek. I will give no offence. I will do nothing, nothing to render myself unendurable. You say I am a raging fire. I have been, I am now but a heap of grey ash with one spark in it—my love for Winefred. Let me smoulder away where she can breathe on the spark; it will only flame into more love for her. I ask no more. I will be speechless in your house if you will—but see her I must. I must look on her, as she moves, like a lady that she is—but I will not approach her to soil her with my touch. Only now and then, when there be none to see, let me kiss the tip of her fingers. I will go down on my knees to ask for this—but I will take nothing less."

Her voice was hoarse with emotion. "Part from her, I will not."

"Mother," interposed Winefred, "I have a word to say. My father had not the purpose that you attribute to him. He spoke no word about it. He never hinted any such thing. There has been a mistake somewhere. You are hard upon him, too hard. He has been indulgent to me, he could not have been more kind. Whenever he has spoken of you, it has been with a tremble in his voice, and I know that his heart has been full. I do not believe that he has ever forgotten you, ever ceased to love you. Now, dear mother, set your mind at rest. Parted we shall not be, and in token of that I will go home with you to-morrow."

Mr. Holwood came hesitatingly forward and raised his hand in deprecation.

"There is no occasion," said Mrs. Marley. "I have seen you. That suffices. Stay on. You are learning much here."

"Mother, I also have a longing to be with you—if for a few weeks only. I have spent some little time with my father. It is right that now I should be with you. If he loves me, and he finds that he also cannot do without me, then he will come to Bindon Undercliff and fetch me thence, to take me back to Bath."

Then Winefred put her arms round her mother and kissed her.

"How you love me!" she said.

She disengaged herself, and putting her arms round the neck of her father she said: "And you, father, have come to love me."

"Yes."

"Surely, father, if you love me; and you, mother, if you also love me, you cannot hate each other."

CHAPTER XL.

WANTED—CHOUGHES

WINEFRED had returned to the cottage on the Undercliff along with her mother.

Her departure had been hurried. She had spoken a few words to

Mrs. Tomkin-Jones in explanation of her promised to return in a fortnight.

Mrs. T.-J. was troubled in mind. She was vastly alarmed lest the sudden withdrawal, a prelude to entire withdrawal, in which she was obliged to pay the butler a month's wages prematurely.

Moreover, the loss of Winefred would be a great loss in other ways.

As she departed, Winefred said, "I shall let my promise about the choughs."

At the Undercliff the cottage looked like the house at Bath; and the girl was at once in a mode of speech differed from that of the mode she had been introduced. And yet there was even an approximation to culture in her speech, due—she knew not to what—perhaps to the Bible.

Winefred's wont to read aloud to her mother there had something pathetic in it, and she had been a pleasure to her to scramble about the pebbles, revisit old haunts.

Little did she suspect that her arrival had alarmed. He had heard sufficient to cause uneasiness. Winefred had met her father in Bath. What had passed between them? What had been divulged?

When she came to the ferry to be put on to Seaton, he seized the opportunity to question her.

"So—you have been with your father?"

"Yes."

"And what does he think of you?"

"That is a question to be put to him, not to me."

"I suppose he wonders that your mother should go to such expense about you."

"I do not see how he can wonder, when he finds the money."

"Oh! he finds the money, does he?"

"Certainly." Winefred coloured with anger. "You do not dare to insinuate that she got the money in any other way?"

"Dear me, no. Very natural that he should provide the means. It will be a lot. Have you talked with him about the matter? Said that it did not suffice? Your expenses are piling up?"

"He knows what they are, and provides. I have not spoken with him about them. But really, Mr. Dench, this does not concern you."

"Certainly not. But we are old friends and neighbours. I like to know that you are in deep water."

After a pause, Winefred said, "I want to obtain a couple of young choughs. Can you help me?"

"No," he replied. "All the birds have been taken on the Bindon side. But there are some in the White Cliff; yet I will not adventure my life there."

"I will pay," said Winefred.

"A hundred pounds would be no good to me if I lay with every bone in my body broken at the foot."

Then she stepped out of the boat.

Olver, so far, was satisfied.

No suspicion had crossed the minds of Mr. Holwood or of Winefred, as far as he could judge, that the remittances had been embezzled.

But was it likely that his proceedings should remain undiscovered? The presence of Winefred in Bath with her mother was a menace to him. He did not anticipate a reconciliation between Jane Marley and Mr. Holwood, but he did fear lest the matter should cease to pay the annuity through his hands, and especially lest his fraudulent conduct during many years should come to light and entail his transportation.

He had laid by the accumulations with a view of taking an inn. His highest ambition was to end his days as a publican.

His future was secure, should he not be able to get on his feet already his eye on a suitable tavern, and he had been negotiating with the owner.

Now discovery of his malpractices threatened him from the side of Bath.

He had not slept soundly since he had heard that Mr. Holwood had recognised his daughter. He sought to stifle his anxious spirits; but when he drank himself to sleep, his dreams were more terrifying than his waking.

All would be well, he thought, could he be kept apart. That nothing as yet had happened to him. Holwood was almost certain now to rearrange his expenditure, and in so doing had already been paid to Jane, and then to Winefred, but not to himself.

Hitherto he had not entertained any idea that he not only mistrusted her, but regarded her as a menace.

If she could be kept away from Bath, all might be well. Her father was afeared of her, but not very likely to desire to renew acquaintance with her mother.

Then he considered that he had seen Winefred walking unconcernedly where a false crumpling chalk yielded beneath her weight.

Why had not her foot slipped? Why had not the crumbling chalk yielded beneath her weight? Why had not the persons who had turned giddy when on a cliff in telling her that the birds had deserted Bindon side of the estuary, for otherwise she would have fallen?

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stage was particularly secure, as Oliver had noticed that morning. In an hour the tide would be racing out, swirling about the footway rested. It was precisely the swirl that had made one of them and made the planks incline and become fast. When the danger arrived and asked to be ferried across, it was extend a hand and help him into the boat. But what the step were missed and there ensued a fall into the water?

In the fog the rate at which the tide would be sweeping out, that period was submerged would be carried away, and the veil of vapour would make it difficult, if not impossible, to recover him.

Oliver sat in his boat musing and motionless, with the oar poised in his hand.

The mist condensed on his glazed cap, and formed a chain of drops about the rim. His brows, his beard were beaded. His jersey became sodden. The seat in the boat ran over with water. But all these discomforts he regarded not. The fog became thicker as day declined. It lost its white opacity and became brown as coal-smoke, deepened from that into darkness that was black-grey.

In the next time Winefred had been in Seaton. She had gone there to inquire about choughs, and knowing where to learn something about what she desired, made her way at once to the Red Lion, where she was certain to find the young boatmen congregated. She was not disappointed in her expectation, but to her vexation she saw that Jack Rattenbury was there, one whom she particularly desired to avoid. On her appearing, he started up, and would have addressed her, but she turned her head aside and would not notice him.

"I have come, lads," said she, "to know if any of you will procure me a pair of young choughs. I will pay a guinea for them."

"They are not so easily got," answered one of those addressed. "It is a bit late in the spring, and, besides, choughs are becoming yearly more scarce."

"I know that they are scarce, that is why I offer for them twenty-one shillings."

"There are none to be found except in the face of the White Cliff," said another.

"Well, then, get them from the White Cliff."

"Easier said than done," was the retort. "The brow overhangs."

"Sailor lads should not shirk a climb," said Winefred, impatiently.

"That is not rigging," said a boy; "you want a land-lubber for that cliff."

"Here, get Jack Rattenbury," shouted one, "he has cut the sea, and taken to the land."

The sally was greeted with a laugh.

"I do not care who procures the birds; so long as I have what I want, I am content," said Winefred.

"If the choughs are to be had, I will get them for you," said Jack, quietly.

"And you shall receive a guinea."

"I will not take the money."

"And I refuse them as a present."

"Settle the terms later," called a young sailor. "I would bargain for a kiss."

"I will get them," said Jack.

"And I shall hold you to your promise," returned Winefred, and left the room and the tavern.

A moment later Jack went out, and, walking quickly, overtook her.

"I will see you to the ferry," he said quietly.

"I can find the way by myself," was her reply.

They passed side by side in silence. Presently she said:

"Remember, I hold you to your undertaking, unless what you offered were a mere idle brag. Have you come after me to beg off?"

"I have not. You shall have the choughs."

"And you shall have the guinea."

"I will not touch it. All I ask, if I bring you the pair, is that you will think of me with less bitterness."

Again a pause ensued.

The chill of the evening, the heavy vapour clogged their tongues.

Presently, in the irksomeness, she said, "When will you go after them—will your heart fail?"

"My heart will not fail. I will try to-morrow at sunrise."

Again she was silent. Their steps in the wet mud was like the sound of clapping.

After a while she said hesitatingly, "I do not yet believe that you will venture."

"I risk it for my own free choice."

In the darkness and gathering darkness sat Oliver. With his oar and a look he had been working for some time at the loose pile that surmounted the landing-stage, and he had succeeded in making it disengage. The planks were greasy.

He put the end of his oar against the footway and with the pressure it came off.

Then he sat down.

Suddenly he raised his head and listened. He thought that he heard steps.

He was not mistaken. The pebbles sounded under the tread of feet.

He stood up and balanced himself in the boat on his oar, and drew his brow over his eyes and set his teeth.

He peered into the fog, but saw no one.

Put—was the sound of one pair of feet that approached?

Then he heard an angry, disappointed growl. He had distinguished.

Next moment out the envelope of vapour emerged Winefred.

"Take my hand," said the latter. "The wood is slippery."

"I can swim myself, unassisted," answered the girl; and she went forward.

Then it yielded.

She uttered an exclamation and caught Jack's hand.

"Put me up," said he, "you would have been soused in the side."

"Then I should have drawn me out. I have been in no

real danger," was her ungracious reply; and, without a parting salutation, she stepped into the boat.

Jack remained on the insecure stage.

"Will you not say 'Good-night'?" he asked.

She was silent.

Presently relenting, she said, "I will call 'Good-night' from the further side, when safe over the water."

He waited.

Presently, muffled by the fog, from the further shore, "Good-night!"

Then, only, did Jack turn and retire.

(To be continued)

The Expected Shower of Meteors

By PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

THOUGH shooting stars are continually showering down upon us, the display expected to occur next week is of an exceptional character in many respects. When the last display took place in the middle of November, 1866, from four hundred to a thousand meteors were observed in an hour by British astronomers; and at Malta it was recorded that the shooting stars appeared at the rate of hundreds every minute, so that they seemed like a shower of luminous hail.

An examination of historical records has shown that remarkable showers of meteors have been observed at intervals of thirty-three years since the year A.D. 902, when, an Arabian history relates, "an infinite number of stars were seen during the night, scattering

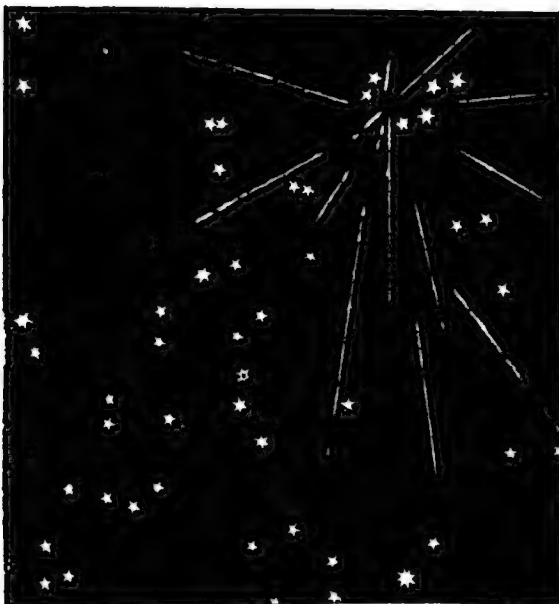


CHART SHOWING PART OF THE CONSTELLATION OF THE LION FROM WHICH THE METEORS WILL APPEAR TO RADIATE

themselves like rain to the right and left, and that year was known as the year of the stars." The habit of ancient chroniclers was to associate every strange celestial phenomenon with terrestrial affairs; and if we had not moved out of that superstitious age, our historians would naturally connect the shooting stars which may be seen next week with the war in the Transvaal. The knowledge that these showers occur at regular intervals disposes altogether of such astrological inferences, and we now look forward with pleasure to a display which formerly would have filled observers with fear and dismay.

As extraordinary meteor showers were observed at this season of the year in 1833 and 1866, and many similar showers have been traced in the annals of history, it is reasonable to expect a return of the exhibition this year, if only upon the ground of precedent. Astronomers do not, however, rely upon seeing the meteors merely because of the periodic occurrence of the November shower. Calculations have shown that a swarm of cosmic particles, comparable in number and probably in size to the grains of sand on the seashore, is travelling round the sun in an elongated oval, which it takes a little more than thirty-three years to traverse. This track intersects the path in which the earth makes its annual journey round the sun, and we consequently are carried across the junction of the two ways every year.

If the stream of cosmic dust extended completely around the oval, as it will do in the course of time, a meteor shower would occur in the middle of November every year. At present, however, the stream is not drawn out to this extent, but it is still a mighty procession. Imagine a train travelling at the rate of twenty-seven miles a second, and yet so long that it would take more than two years to pass a certain point, and you will have a good picture of the immensity of the great stream of meteoritic particles which the earth is about to cut through.

When the earth, travelling at the rate of eighteen miles a second, meets the stream of cosmic dust at the junction of their ways, which event happens at intervals of thirty-three years, there is a collision. Innumerable particles rush into our atmosphere, and the friction against the air makes them so hot that they are consumed, each one as it burns giving rise to the appearance of a shooting star. It may seem surprising that friction against the extremely attenuated air which exists at a height of fifty or a hundred miles above the earth's surface should be sufficient to turn meteoritic particles into vapour, but when the velocity of the impact is considered, there is no difficulty in accounting for the result. A bullet fired from an ordinary rifle becomes hot by its passage through the air, and if it were possible to eject it from the gun with the velocity possessed by meteors, it would never reach its destination, for the lead would soon be melted and driven into its destination by the heat due to friction against the air. If, however, the shot were large and composed of a very inusible substance, some of it might reach the target; and this actually occurs sometimes in the

case of the meteoritic artillery with which the earth is continually being bombarded. Instead of the silent shooting star, consumed long before it reaches the earth's surface, a large meteor or fireball may be seen, which completely penetrates the atmosphere that usually protects us from such missiles, and strikes the earth with a suddenness and uproar sufficient to cause consternation among all who observe it. Many "fallen stars" of this character—they are, of course, not stars in the true sense of the word—have been picked up and are placed in museums as convincing evidence of the existence of extra-terrestrial matter.

No meteorites are likely to fall upon the earth during the forthcoming shower, for, fortunately for us, the large cosmic masses which occasionally succeed in penetrating the atmosphere are, with a few doubtful exceptions, never associated with the smaller particles which give rise to showers of shooting stars. If the great swarm of meteors which we are about to traverse consisted of large masses, the collision would be looked forward to with a trepidation which is, under the present conditions, unnecessary.

The part of the sky from which the meteors will appear to radiate is indicated in the accompanying sketch. The well-known group of seven stars, always seen in the north, is shown in the middle of the picture, and the part of the constellation of the Lion from which many of the meteors will appear to come is in the top right-hand corner. The stars there shown will be seen when facing north-east.

The best time to observe the forthcoming shower will be after midnight on the mornings of November 14, 15, and 16. It is not certain when the display will be at its maximum brilliancy, but on each of these mornings many meteors will be seen if the sky is clear. Unfortunately the moon is nearly full, and its light will interfere very considerably with the observations so long as it is visible. The time to see the display at its best will, therefore, be after the moon has set, which it does at 3.32 on Tuesday morning, 4.52 on Wednesday, and 6.12 on Thursday. Any one anxious to witness the display will watch the skies about these times on each morning. It is to be hoped that meteorological conditions will be favourable for the observation of a manifestation so rare and wonderful as that confidently predicted by astronomers.

Two Portraits

SIR EDGAR VINCENT, K.C.M.G., the new Conservative member for Exeter in the place of Sir Stafford Northcote, who has been appointed Governor of Bombay, is the seventh and youngest son of the late Rev. Sir Frederick Vincent, eleventh baronet.

He was born at Slinford, Sussex, on August 19, 1857, and was educated at Eton. On October 31, 1877, he joined the Coldstream Guards as a second lieutenant, but retired in 1882. On leaving the Army he took up the appointment of British, Belgian, and Dutch representative on the Council of the Ottoman Public Debt at Constantinople, and from March 13, 1883, was President of the Council. Later in the year, in November, he was appointed Financial Adviser to the Egyptian Government, which post he filled until 1889, when the financial difficulties of the Egyptian Government having been successfully mastered, he accepted the post of Governor of the Imperial Ottoman Bank, at Constantinople, from which he retired in 1897. Sir Edgar Vincent was a hon. lieutenant of the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers from 1887 to 1892. He was created a K.C.M.G. in 1887, and he has the Grand Cordon of the Medjidie and the First Clasp of the Osmanieh. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

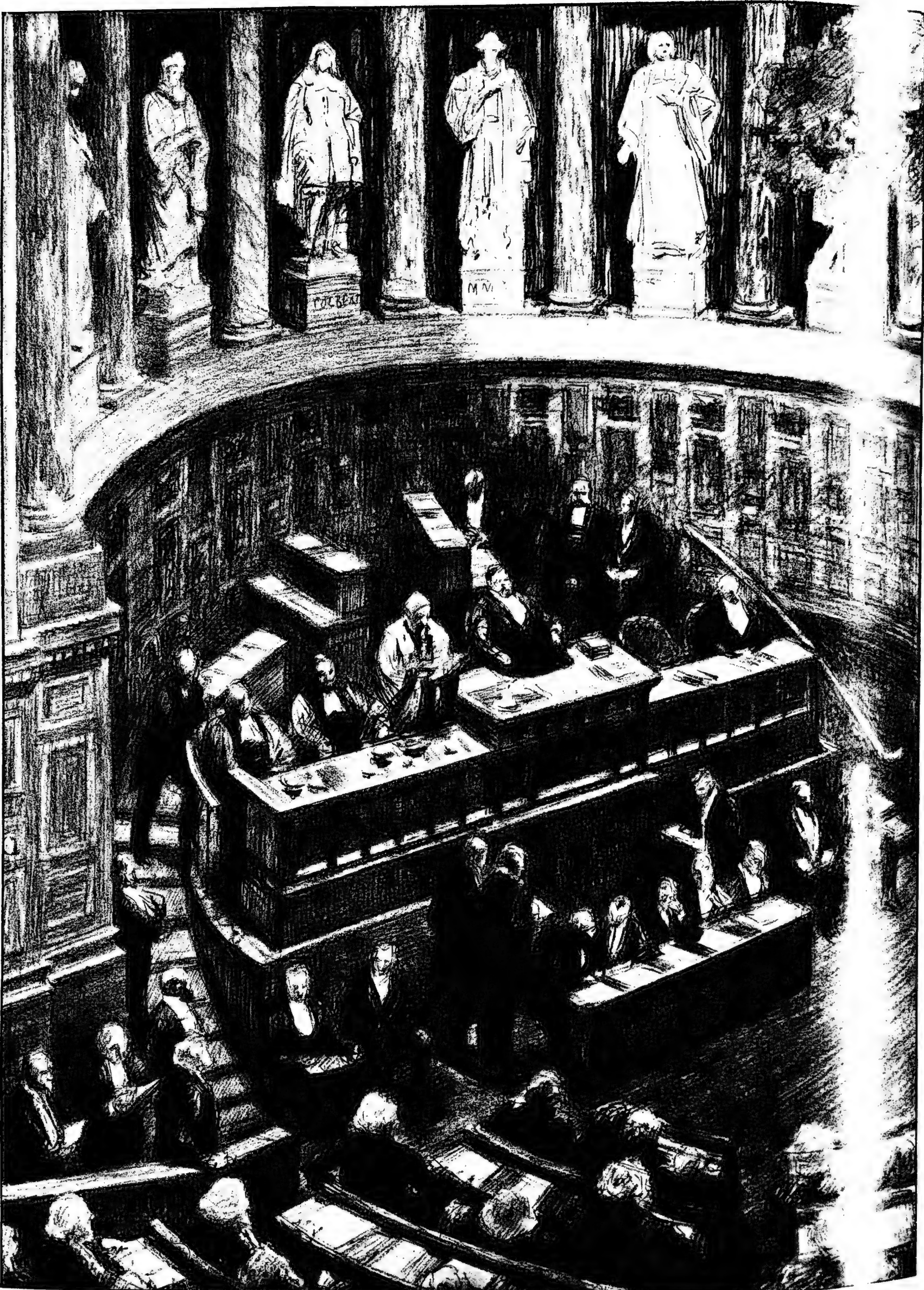


SIR EDGAR VINCENT, K.C.M.G.
New M.P. for Exeter

The Right Rev. John Butt, Roman Catholic Bishop of Sevastopol, whose death took place at Arundel, was formerly Bishop of Southwark, and in that capacity was well known and esteemed in South London. Two or three years ago he resigned on account of failing health, and in accepting his resignation the Pope translated Dr. Butt to the titular see of Sevastopol. This title was chosen owing to the fact that the Bishop when an army chaplain served throughout the Crimean War. Dr. Butt was born in 1826, and was a native of Richmond, Surrey. He was made Bishop of Southwark in 1885, and was previously for some years canon in charge of St. Philip Neri at Arundel. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.



THE LATE RIGHT REV. JOHN BUTT
Roman Catholic Bishop of Sevastopol



THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE IN SESSION IN THE SENATE CHAMBER IN THE PALAIS DE LUXEMBOURG
THE STATE TRIAL IN PARIS RESUMED THIS WEEK
DRAWN BY PAUL RENOARD



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DUFFUS BROS., JOHANNESBURG

THE EXODUS FROM JOHANNESBURG: REFUGEES LEAVING IN COAL TRUCKS FOR NATAL

Nothing is so characteristic of the spirit in which the Boers have met our reasonable demands as the stories told by the refugees from Johannesburg of the treatment meted out to them by the Transvaalers. The Boer begins by despising the Briton, and ends by ill-using him when he can. Some time before the war the Uitlander population began leaving Johannesburg by thousands. All tell the same story of Boer brutality. The Boers, indeed, seemed to have behaved almost like savages. They crowded the stations, hustled the unhappy refugees, insulting them, and even striking them. Even women and children were not spared. Burghers jostled rifles into railway carriages to frighten the women,

Instances of ill-treatment could be mentioned by the score in spite of Mr. Schreiner's grave assurance to the Cape Assembly that inquiries had been made, and he could not learn of a single case of brutality to women and children. Not the least to be pitied were the unfortunate coloured people, who were among the last to leave. The Boers have always treated the black population badly, and the unhappy Kaffirs, whose occupation in the mines was lost when the Uitlander population left, were with some reason anxious to get out of the country. But they were too poor to pay for their tickets, and were in the pitiful condition of having lost their

occupation, of being left penniless with no one but the Boers to look to, and of being unable to get away. Assistance was given to them in the form of railway tickets. Our illustration shows a crowd of these wretched people besieging the clergyman's house, where railway tickets were being distributed. Johannesburg Kaffirs are not a nice lot to deal with. Though naturally good-natured and harmless enough they have become utterly demoralised and thoroughly vicious, through the illicit traffic in vile spirits carried on by some of the disreputable people who have flocked to Johannesburg from all parts of the world during the last few years.



BY FRANK D. DD., R.I.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. H. PRESTON, JOHANNESBURG

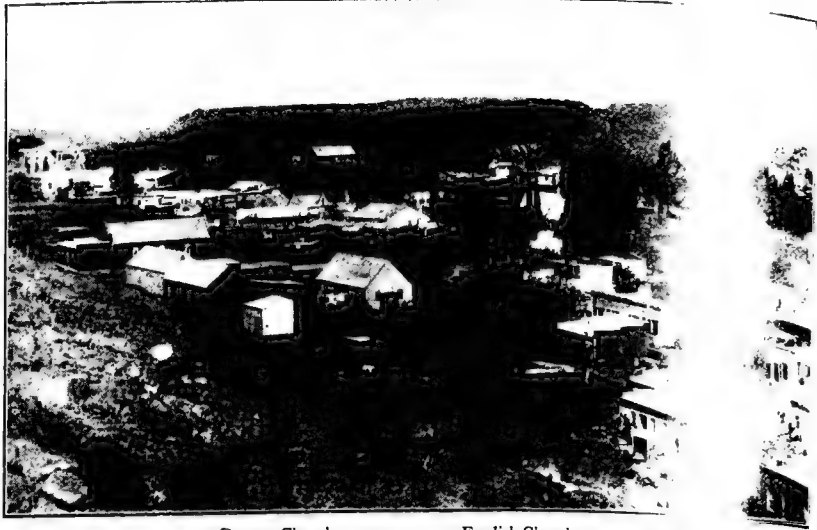
THE EXODUS FROM JOHANNESBURG: NATIVES BESIEGING THE PARSONAGE FOR RAILWAY TICKETS



Post Office English Church Road to Weenen

Situated amid the downs, Estcourt is a very small town on the railway between Ladysmith and Pietermaritzburg, to the south of Colenso. It has a population of about 300, with three churches among its public buildings, to say nothing of a hospital and sanatorium, a bank, four hotels, a public library, an agricultural hall, and a magistrates' court. Most of these buildings are of hewn stone. Estcourt is now becoming a strong and growing camp. Major Wolfe Murray is in temporary command. Our sketch is by Chris Hall.

ESTCOURT, THE TOWN TO WHICH THE PEOPLE OF COLENZO HAVE RETREATED



Dopper Church English Church Dutch Reformed Church

After long and inexplicable hesitation the Orange Free State Burghers have now come to the aid of Cape Colony. As was generally expected, they have chosen as the scene of their operations the district, which is the centre of Afrikaner disaffection in the colony. The only force left in the district is a small squad of police under a sergeant. They yielded to superior force and are now prisoners of war. The town of about 2,000 inhabitants, almost all Dutch. Our photograph is by Jackson, Colenso.

COLESBERG, IN CAPE COLONY, TAKEN BY THE FREE STaters

The Going of the Battery

[November 2, 1899. Late at night, in rain and in darkness, the 73rd Battery, R.F.A., left Dorchester Barracks for the War in South Africa, marching on foot to the railway station, where their guns were already entrained.]

WIVES' VOICES :

RAIN came down drenchingly ; but we unblenchingly
Trudged on beside them through mirk and through mire,
They stepping steadily—only too readily !—
Scarce as if stepping brought parting-time nigher.

Great guns were gleaming there—living things seeming
there—
Cloaked in their tar-cloths, upposed to the night :
Wheels wet and yellow from axle to felloe,
Throats blank of sound, but prophetic to sight.

Lamplight all drearly blinking and blearily
Lit our pale faces outstretched for one kiss,
While we stood prest to them, with a last quest to them
Not to court perils that honour could miss.

Some one said, "*Nevermore will they come ! Evermore
Are they now lost to us !* O, it was wrong !
Howsoe'er hard their ways, some Hand will guard their ways—
Bear them through safely—in brief time or long.

Yet—voices haunting us, daunting us, taunting us,
Hint in the night-time, when life-beats are low,
Other and graver things . . . Hold we to braver things—
Wait we—in trust—what Time's fulness shall know.

THOMAS HARDY.

Chronicle of the War

By CHARLES LOWE

NOVEMBER, with its usual fogs, is again upon us ; and this time those fogs have not only enveloped London, which is the seat of our Government, but also extended to South Africa, which is the seat of our war. On the whole, perhaps, the war-fog has been thickest on the north and west of the theatre of war, for from Tuli, Mafeking, and Kimberley and thereabouts there have been few or no despatch-riders, and not even a pigeon-post—an unreliable institution which they would seem to have

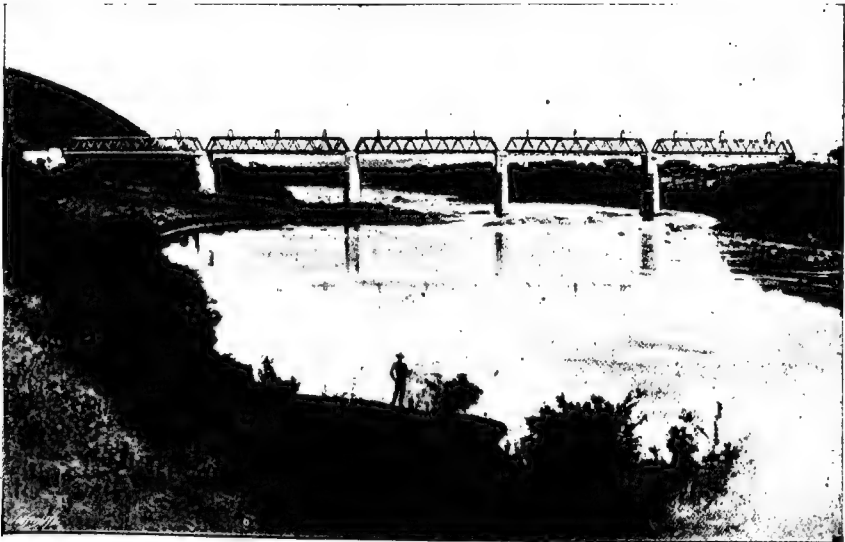
now started in the eastern parts so as to make up for the cutting of all communication by rail and wire. Up at Tuli, on the Limpopo, all was reported well towards the end of last month, the skirmishing having as a rule resulted in favour of Colonel Plumer's troopers. Mafeking, too, holding its own, in spite of the "Long Tom," or rather of the "Bois Meg," with which it pleased the facetious Cronje to threaten the place with the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah. This monster siege gun is said to weigh nearly ten tons, and is drawn by sixteen oxen and ten mules ; but its tremendous recoil so threw the movable volcano out of gear that at last it had to be discarded—an event which was probably followed by the arrival at Mafeking of another



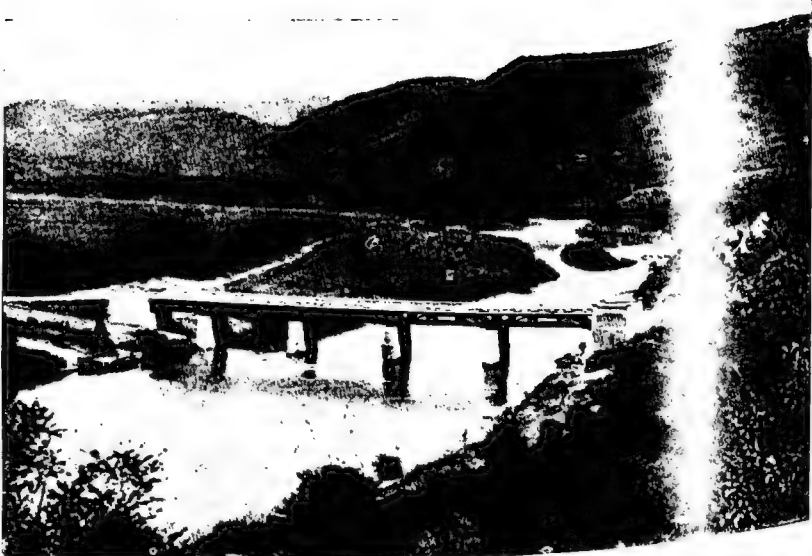
The squadron of the 2nd Dragoons (Scots Greys) stationed at Glasgow left on Sunday morning for South Africa on board the "Hibernia," which numbered 170, mustered in the barrack square at 6 a.m. and rode to the Queen's Dock. Despite the early hour, the streets to the docks were lined with cheering spectators. To prevent the injudicious hospitality of a certain section of the population, the officer kept the men going all the way at a sort of canter, so that they left their girls behind them at a rate of about 10 miles an hour. There was an outbreak of sickness among the horses of the Scots Greys, and consequently many of the remounts ridden by the troopers were of a different breed but were brown.

OFF TO THE FRONT: THE SCOTS GREYS LEAVING GLASGOW

DRAWN BY W. RALSTON



THE RAILWAY BRIDGE



THE ROAD BRIDGE

News has been received that Colenso has been evacuated by our troops in the face of 5,000 Boers without loss. The chief interest attaching to the place arises from the fact that the River Tugela is crossed there by two bridges, one carrying the line from Durban to Ladysmith and the other a bridge for other traffic. Anxiety

has been felt about the fate of these bridges, for if the Boers blew them up the work of retreating George White at Ladysmith would be much more difficult.

THE BRIDGES AT COLENZO, A SMALL TOWN SOUTH OF LADYSMITH, WHICH HAS BEEN EVACUATED BY THE BRITISH

the *parlementaire* with a demand for the surrender of the place by the courteous entertainment of the Boer envoy at the conference table of Colonel Baden-Powell. Failing to reduce the place by bombardment the Boers attempted to "rush" it, but were repulsed with heavy loss. By what force Mafeking continues to be held, if not invested, is not clear—the less so as a portion of the besiegers are said to have "trekked" southward so as to strengthen the besieging lines of Kimberley, where the Boers continue to dig about, in spite of an occasional sortie. On November 1 the besiegers of Kimberley made a great demonstration in force, and a greater noise, which resulted from their blowing up about thirty tons of dynamite belonging to the De Beers Company, about six miles from the town.

Within the last week, on the southern frontier of the Free State, the military situation, in spite of the detachment of Boer forces to Kimberley and Mafeking, has grown more unfavourable to us than was before—thanks to the unpreparedness of our military authorities. The safety of Kimberley is far less due to the efforts of our military authorities themselves than to that of the De Beers Company, which had in readiness for such an emergency as the present a large stock of guns and Maxims and other warlike stores; and, south of the Orange River, the war game is meanwhile against us, and will doubtless continue to go against us until the tide of the invasion is rolled back by the British reinforcements which are now being landed. It is safe to assume that there must be now at least about 10,000 Boers massed at various points along the Free State southern border, which is the Orange River, but it is at least certain that, whatever their strength, they are not allowed to seize various points of great strategic importance, such as Colesberg, bridges, and the like, and that the British force, consisting of the 2nd Berkshires and a Naval Brigade, which was ordered to fall back—by Sir Redvers Buller, who may have dreaded a repetition of the isolation at Dundee, as was the case of the capitulation of Nicholson's Nek.

An instance of the fatal lack of common sense in President Steyn, it is to be noted that he has issued a proclamation "annexing" Northern Natal, and as for the mental deficiency in General Joubert, just consider the fact, if fact it be, of his having written to Sir George White protesting against the use of Lyddite shells at Ladysmith as being inhumane, because far too destructive to his troops. To such a querulous protestation General White could only have replied, if he replied at all, that there was nothing in the way of international agreement to bar his use of high explosives, which were also used by one of the civilised nations, such as France and Germany; that the Boers on their part, were quite entitled to pay him back in kind.

guns, though at the sacrifice of their gallant leader, Gunnery-Lieutenant Egerton, who was lost to the Navy through having proved such a gain to the sister service. This was on the morning of Thursday, November 2, and the news of his mortal wound was the last official intelligence forwarded from Ladysmith by wire, which was cut soon thereafter on the same day. It was on this day also that another notable incident took place. While White was engrossing the attention of the enemy with his heavy artillery, Colonel French, with some cavalry, mounted infantry, and field guns, stole away to the north-west in the direction of Besters, where, after the due prelude from his cannon, he made a dash for a Boer camp, and captured everything in it. But the facts about this cavalry exploit are by no means clear. Next day, the 3rd, a similar feat was performed by Colonel Brocklehurst, of the Blues, in command of another body of Horse in the "south-west" of Ladysmith, about Dewdrop, where he drove back the Boers, and disabled one of their guns. On Wednesday and Friday there was also fighting near Bulwana, our total losses amounting to eight killed and about twenty wounded—the former including two officers of the Imperial (Natal) Light Horse, who in common with the other local Volunteers, have behaved throughout all the fighting with the greatest bravery. About a hundred of the wounded which General Yule, in the hurry of his retreat, had to leave at Dundee, have reached Ladysmith, but, for the same reason, doubtless, that Bismarck would not allow any of the civil population to leave Paris and thus economise food for the garrison, General Joubert refused the request of the Ladysmith mayor, transmitted by Sir G. White, to let the non-combatant sick and wounded go south.

The first transports carrying our Army Corps are now beginning to reach the Cape, and before the end of the month our total fighting forces in Natal ought to be about 90,000 men, just the strength of the army with which Prince Frederick Charles invaded Bohemia in 1866. Then the fate of the Austrians will be the fate of the Boers.

which probably turned the tide of battle on Monday. Commander Egerton was a nephew of the Duke of Devonshire and of the first Earl of Ellesmere. He was the son of the late Admiral the Hon. Francis Egerton, M.P. for East Derbyshire, 1868-1886. He was in his thirty-first year, entered the Navy seventeen years ago, and was passing through his first experience of war when he was untimely cut off. He became a lieutenant in 1891, and two years ago he was appointed gunnery officer in the cruiser *Powerful*, having specially qualified in gunnery. He possessed honorary certificates from the Royal Naval College. Our portrait is by Symonds and Co., Portsmouth.

Lieutenant James Taylor McDougall, of the 42nd Field Battery, who was killed in the action at Farquhar's Farm, near Ladysmith, was twenty-eight years of age, the date of his birth being July 30, 1871. He entered the Royal Artillery as a second lieutenant on July 24, 1891, and obtained his lieutenantcy on July 24, 1894. Our portrait is by Higgins, Plumstead.

Lieutenant John Lindsey Forster, of the 2nd Battalion King's Royal Rifles, who was killed in the action at Farquhar's Farm, near Ladysmith, was in his twenty-third year, the date of his birth being March 3, 1877. He entered the King's Royal Rifle Corps as a second lieutenant on April 7, 1897, and two years later, on April 6, this year, received his lieutenantcy. Our portrait is by Hills and Sanders, Eton.

Major Edward Wolfenden Gray, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, who was killed in the action at Farquhar's Farm, near Ladysmith, was born on September 28, 1862, and received his medical education in Dublin. He was a B.A. of Dublin University, and took the M.B. and B.Ch. degrees there in 1885. Major Gray received the State Medicine Diploma from the University of Dublin in 1887, and in 1888 was elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland. He was gold medalist of Jervis Street Hospital, Dublin, and a member of the British Medical Association. He entered the Army as a surgeon-captain in February, 1887, and obtained the rank of major on February 5 last. Our portrait is by J. Robinson and Sons, Dublin.

Major William Joseph Myers, adjutant of the Eton College Rifles, of the 7th Battalion King's Royal Rifles, who was killed in the action at Farquhar's Farm, near Nicholson's Nek, was forty-one years of age, having been born on August 4, 1858. He entered the Army as a second lieutenant in the 16th Foot in 1878, and was transferred to the 60th Foot from the King's Royal Rifle Corps a year later. From the following April to September he served with the 3rd Battalion in the Zulu War, and obtaining his lieutenantcy in November, 1880, was attached to the Egyptian Army, and took part in the operations of the Sudan Frontier



CAPT. THE HON. HEDWORTH LAMBTON, R.N.
Of H.M.S. *Powerful*, who took the Naval Brigade to Ladysmith



COLONEL R. S. R. FETHERSTONHAUGH
Station commandant on the lines of communication in South Africa



MR. G. H. MAKINS
Of St. Thomas's Hospital, who has volunteered for service in South Africa



MAJOR EDWARD W. GRAY
Killed at Farquhar's Farm



THE LATE LIEUT. J. T. MCDUGALL
Killed at Farquhar's Farm



THE LATE LIEUT. F. G. EGERTON, R.N.
Who died from wounds received at Ladysmith



THE LATE LIEUTENANT J. I. FORSTER
Killed at Farquhar's Farm



THE LATE MAJOR W. J. MYERS
Killed at Farquhar's Farm

Our Portraits

CAPTAIN THE HON. HEDWORTH LAMBTON, third brother of the present Earl of Durham, joined the Royal Navy at the beginning of 1870. His earliest and most notable service was seen when he acted as flag-lieutenant to Sir O. Beauchamp Seymour, afterwards Lord Alcester, on the battleship *Alexandra*, in 1882. He thus came to be present at the bombardment of Alexandria on July 11, was at Tel-el-Kebir, and served, in fact, throughout the whole war with so much distinction that he was promoted to commander after only four years' service as lieutenant—a rare honour. He afterwards served in the Royal yacht, and from it was promoted to captain in 1889. In June, 1894, he became private secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty, and held this appointment until the spring of 1897, when he was selected to hoist the maiden pennant of the cruiser *Powerful*, the largest and swiftest ship of her class in the world. His brilliant services at the action at Ladysmith have brought his name into everybody's mouth, though some surprise has been expressed in various quarters at a captain leaving his command to take a naval brigade inland. Be this as it may, though, there is little doubt that Captain Lambton arrived on the scene in the nick of time. He travelled from Durban to Ladysmith with several 4.7-in. quick-firing guns, and probably one or more of the 6-in. guns, of which the *Powerful* carries twelve. In all he took with him about 500 men. Our portrait is by Symonds and Co., Portsmouth.

Lieutenant Frederick Greville Egerton, gunnery lieutenant of the *Powerful*, was dangerously wounded in the artillery duel at Ladysmith last week, when the naval contingent did such splendid service, and died after he had had both legs amputated. He had just been advanced to the rank of commander, but did not live to receive the news. He was still in the prime of life, and it was to him, indeed, that the contingent owes its training and the very high efficiency

Field Force from November, 1885 to 1886, as aide-de-camp to Sir Frederick Stephenson, General Officer commanding in Egypt, being present in the engagement at Ginnis. He obtained his company in March, 1888, and was subsequently placed on the reserve of officers' list. On February 24, 1897, he was appointed honorary major of the 7th Battalion of the King's Royal Rifles, and in February, 1898, acting adjutant of the Eton College Volunteer Battalion (late 2nd Bucks) of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, reaching the rank of major on February 8 last. Major Myers left the Army and joined the Militia, in order to be better able to satisfy his passion for travel and his taste for Eastern art. He succeeded in obtaining a fine collection of Saracenic lamps and armour, and was the principal buyer at the sale of the collection of the late Consul-General Wrench at Constantinople. When A.D.C. to Sir Frederick Stephenson in Cairo, Major Myers explored with great success the vast, and till then little known, store of Eastern curiosities hidden in the Mouski district, and in Teheran, Samarkand, Constantinople and Tiflis, in short, wherever there were remains of ancient Persian or Saracenic culture, he was a constant visitor and purchaser. His magnificent collection is in the South Kensington Museum. Our portrait is by H. W. Salmon, Winchester.

Colonel Richard S. R. Fetherstonhaugh, late commanding 3rd King's Royal Rifles, was in the Zulu Campaign of 1879, and in the Nile Expedition of 1884-5. He retired on half-pay in 1898. Our portrait is by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, I.W.

Mr. G. H. Makins, who has accompanied Sir W. MacCormac to South Africa to look after the interest of our sick and wounded, is out-surgeon at St. Thomas's Hospital and house-surgeon at the Seamen's Hospital at Greenwich. He has long been intimately associated with Sir W. MacCormac, and is the author of many works on surgical and medical subjects. Our portrait is by Fradell and Young.

since the fight at Farquhar's Farm, and the disaster to ten of our military companies at Nicholson's Nek—an account of which in this summary last week—the Boers would appear to have been customing away at our Ladysmith position with their "Long Tom," which is the co-relative of their "Mons Meg" on the Mafeking. As to the Farquhar's Farm affair, our casualty list turned out, indeed, also in most other affairs—to be much heavier than "hundred killed and wounded" which was the first estimate of Sir G. White; while, on the other hand, as a set-off to this disappointment, the catastrophe of Nicholson's Nek on the same day—proved to be a little less terrible than at first seemed.

It is certainly as to the situation at Ladysmith began to fade in the smoke of war, and there now descended on the scene a cloud of mystery which kept us all in quite as much ignorance as to the fate of Sir George White and his gallant staff as we felt when Mr. Stanley made his plunge into the forest, or when Sir Frederick Roberts was lost to view for a whole month during his famous march from Cabul to Kandahar. Even before our well of information completely dried up, more than a week ago, through the cutting of the wire between Ladysmith and Durban, the reports and telegrams that came to us were all strangely belated, confused, and contradictory; and then the public state of mind has been one of Cimmerian darkness and distressful doubt.

There are a few facts which emerge from the mists of this now enshrouding that region. The fight at Farquhar's Farm, from depressing the spirit of the Boers with their severe losses, seemed to raise it and render it more dogged. For, first, on one hill and then on another, they got their "Long Toms" roaring and pounded away briskly at the British position, only to get the worst of these artillery duels—thanks to the boundless energy of our bluejackets from the *Powerful* and the Lyddite 45-pounder shells thrown from 4.7-in. calibre



"GONE": "THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT"



ALDERMAN W. P. TRELOAR
NEW SENIOR SHERIFF



THE RIGHT HON. A. J. NEWTON
NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON



MR. A. H. BEVAN
NEW SHERIFF

The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs

ALDERMAN ALFRED JAMES NEWTON, the new Lord Mayor of London, was born, in 1849, at Hull, where his father and his grandfather carried on an extensive business in the shipping and fishing industries. He commenced his business career at the age of seventeen, and, in 1868, went into trade as a yeast merchant at Burton-on-Trent, from which town he originated a direct export trade to France and Belgium. His business was ultimately merged into that of Messrs. H. Love and Co., of Southwark. In 1880 he joined his brother in the business of Messrs. Newton Brothers and Co., steamship owners. The firm was on one occasion able to render considerable assistance to Her Majesty's Government in the passage of the Suez Canal on the occasion of one of the expeditions up the Nile when they possessed the sole steam launch that was able to convey the wounded and the sick. The Lord Mayor is master this year of the Girdlers' Company and a member of the Courts of the Fanmakers' and Framework Knitters' Companies.

has organised the children's entertainments that take place yearly at Guildhall. The only City company with which he is associated is the Loriners'.

Mr. Alfred Henry Bevan, the junior Sheriff, is a director of Barclay, Perkins, and Co., Limited, the well-known firm of brewers, Park Street, Southwark. The family connection with the business extends back five generations. Mr. Sheriff Bevan is a generous benefactor to charitable institutions and philanthropic and religious movements. He is a pastmaster of the Brewers' and the Turners' Companies. Our portraits of the Lord Mayor and Mr. Sheriff Treloar are by the London Stereoscopic Company, and that of Mr. Sheriff Bevan by Bassano, Old Bond Street.

The chain presented by the inhabitants of the Ward of Farringdon

Without to Mr. Treloar is of massive 18-carat gold. The chain 48 inches in length, the centres of the seven more important links, each containing a large, specially selected diamond, which gives the chain a very imposing and brilliant effect. Suspended from the centre link of the chain is the badge, which is of Renaissance design. On the upper portion of the badge is a beautifully modelled and chased representation of the old Lud Gate as it appeared in the year 1703, and enamelled in proper heraldic colours are the arms, crest, and motto of Mr. Treloar, also the Arms of the City of London and the Loriners' Company. The order for the chain and badge was entrusted to Messrs. J. W. Benson, Limited, of Ludgate Hill and Old Bond Street.



The gold chain of office presented by numerous friends to Mr. Sheriff Bevan is of a design altogether unique, having been copied from a chain of delicate workmanship recently excavated from



the ruins of Pompeii. At intervals round the circle are enamelled medallions bearing Masonic and other devices. In the centre, supported on each side by Mr. Bevan's entwined initials, are the Arms of the City of London, from which depends the badge. This displays the new Sheriff's arms, crest, and motto emblazoned in true heraldic colours. The chain and badge were manufactured by Messrs. Watherston and Son, of Pall Mall East.



A handsome ornament to be used as a tiara or necklace was presented last week to the Lady Mayoress elect by Lord Burton, on behalf of the private friends of Mr. Alderman Newton, the new Lord Mayor, as a token of their esteem and regard. The setting of the ornament contains 821 diamonds of "first water," with nine important Oriental pearls as terminals. The design is the choice of Mrs. Newton, and was especially prepared for the occasion by Messrs. P. G. Dodd and Son, Limited, Leadenhall Street, at a cost of about 2,000*l*.

PRESENTATION TO THE LADY MAYORESS

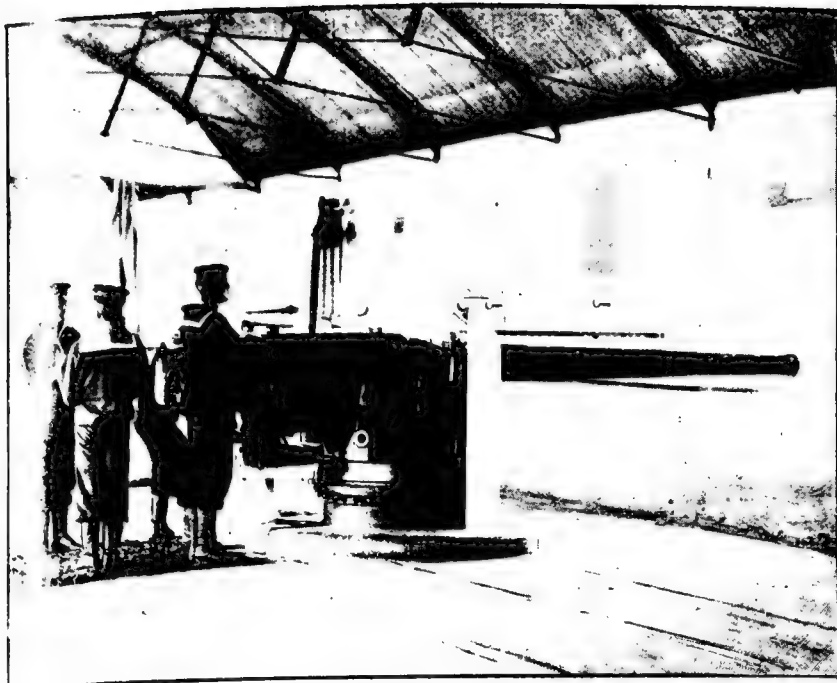
Mr. Alderman Treloar, the senior Sheriff, was born under the very shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral, in premises the site of which is now occupied by Ludgate Hill railway bridge. He is the son of the late Mr. Thomas Treloar, the founder of the firm of Treloar and Sons, and was born on January 13, 1843. He received his education at King's College School, and at the age of twenty joined his father in business, being now sole head of the firm. In 1881 he entered the Corporation, mainly with a view to hastening the widening of Ludgate Hill, which was at that time only, on the average, 43 ft. in width. His efforts proved so successful that a few years afterwards the improvement was completed. Mr. Treloar has for several years held office as the president of the National Sunday League, and pioneered the successful agitation for the Sunday opening of the Guildhall Art Exhibitions. For several years past he

The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

"THE WRONG MR. WRIGHT"

"THE WRONG MR. WRIGHT" is a title that goes a long way to forestall criticism upon the new American farce at the STRAND Theatre, for it amounts to a confession of an intention on the part of its author, Mr. G. H. Broadhurst, to take his stand once more upon the familiar ways of farcical humour. What playgoer, indeed, when his eye lights upon this heading in the STRAND announcements can fail to suspect that its hero will suffer many annoyances and humiliations through the propensity of various persons to mistake him for some disreputable person with the same name, and that his troubles will not be fairly ended till "the right Mr. Wright," some few minutes before the fall of the curtain, is reported to have fallen into the hands of the police. Such, in the barest form, is the theme which the author has worked out with the exercise of something more than the farce-writer's privileges in the way of defying probability and common sense. Strictly speaking, it is true, there is in this case no Mr. Wright. There is only a fraudulent clerk who has assumed that name in order to enable him the better to escape from justice, and a fraudulent clerk's employer, who, by a coincidence of which those who are skilled in the law of chances may be able to calculate the probabilities, has happened to adopt the same name. Of course, as he says, he "does not want the world to know that I am a smarter man than his master." Of course, master and man might have fixed upon a different name—upon Jones for example—but in that case the antithetical jingle on which the author has so simply minded way evidently sets great store would have been absolutely wanting. When to all this we add that the play is a comedy of the coming all the way from San Francisco to London, and that it happens to be the story of a man who has robbed him of fifty thousand pounds, and who has to alight at an hotel in Virginia, where a detective is waiting to catch him, and a fascinating lady accomplice who are engaged in a plot to help him to escape, the reader is in a position to judge for himself what datum upon which the playwright has expended his weaving he possesses. Of course this situation is not intended to convince. It is at all events not intended to be that is enough. Perhaps the nearest approach in the invention lies in the notion of making Mr. Wright the true name of "the wrong Mr. Wright" and the beautiful detective, who, in her turn, develops her victim to be smitten with remorse, like the woman upon M. Sardou's *Fedora*, when she discovers that over the object of her affections to the tenderest of her affections. This will perhaps suffice by way of a sketch of the plot of *Mr. Wright*, for the comic under-plot regarding the flirtations of a quartette of lovers, the Farren Soutar, Miss Decima Moore, Mr. Farren Soutar, Miss Helen Macbeth, is but loosely attached to the main interest. The dialogue is not very witty, but it is interesting and when the action becomes a little more serious, the situations will, no doubt, give much satisfaction to the audience of the STRAND. Mr. T. A. Wise's quick and eminently suited to the part of the erratic Mr. Wright, the success of the piece is due in no small degree to the success of the excellent American comedian, coupled with the and the handsome presence of Miss Constance Collier, Oliver, the lady detective. Mr. George Shelton, a well-known stage as a prominent member of Mr. Toole's Company, is also very amusing as a prim and peevish old gentleman. It is provoking that the laughter has been Mr. Broadhurst's aim, he has been successful. *The Wrong Mr. Wright* was received with immense favour.



A 4.7-IN. QUICK-FIRING GUN IN ACTION



SERVING A 4.7-IN. QUICK-FIRING GUN ON BOARD SHIP

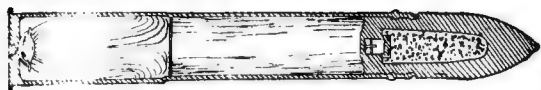
Naval Guns at Ladysmith

The 4.7-inch naval guns at Ladysmith, which cause so much annoyance to the Boers, are quick-firing guns, *i.e.*, their projectile and powder charge are combined in one cartridge. Those cannons are mounted on a hollow conical-shaped support and pivot, so to speak, on its apex, the support itself being fastened to the deck by means of bolts. Obviously the heavy recoil the gun experiences when being fired would cause an enormous strain on its support were not some means devised for checking this recoil. For this purpose a jacket is secured to the support consisting of a centre tube and two small hollow cylinders running parallel to

action at Ladysmith. Evidently when reaching this town the supports of the guns were secured to a new platform on wheels or rollers, designed by Captain Percy Scott, of Her Majesty's cruiser *Terrible*. These carriages must be of a very substantial construction, considering that the weight of the cannon is considerably over two tons. It is not clear from recent reports how the guns are moved; it seems, however, certain that they will not be advanced far beyond Ladysmith.

The 4.7-inch gun fires a projectile of 45 lbs. including the bursting charge, which consists of about 10 lbs. Lyddite. A strong steel shield protects the gunners against hostile fire.

We show the section of a projectile fired by a 4.7-inch gun. The charge which fires the shell is contained at the base of the projectile, and consists of 12 lbs. of cordite. The shell itself forms the upper part of the projectile; it contains the bursting charge of 10 lbs. Lyddite and the percussion fuse screwed into its base. An empty space is left between the cordite charge and the shell in order to ensure a gradual action of the gases upon the shell, whereby the strain upon the gun is lessened. When the gun is fired the shell is blown out of the cartridge, the latter being extricated from the barrel when the breech mechanism is opened. Our illustrations are from photographs by W. Gregory and Co.



it. Into the centre tube the body of the gun is inserted, its trunnions fitting into the smaller cylinders which contain pneumatic brakes. When the gun is fired it naturally slides back, acting through its trunnions upon the brakes. Now the latter will not only arrest the gun in its backward movement, but will also press it back into its original position. Consequently, the gun possesses no recoil, *i.e.*, no effort on the part of the gunners is required to push it into its place. This fact explains how it was possible to bring this heavy ordnance into



The *Kildonan Castle* sailed on Saturday from Southampton with the 1st Battalion of the Welsh Regiment and the 2nd Battalion of the Northumberland Fusiliers, and other details. The Northumberland Fusiliers went from Portsmouth to Southampton by train, and their departure was the occasion of tremendous

enthusiasm in the former town. On the march from the Victoria Barracks to the station, the men had to make their way through dense, cheering crowds. Our illustration shows the battalion passing the Town Hall

THE 2ND NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS MARCHING FROM THE VICTORIA BARRACKS, PORTSMOUTH, TO THE RAILWAY STATION

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

Most people know who and what Millais was as a painter. Too much has been written on the artist, and even on the man, to allow the reviewer to pre-suppose any sort of public ignorance of a character so often discussed and of a nature so frequently proclaimed because of its fine honesty, gentleness, cheeriness, and transparent ingenuousness. But these admirable volumes reveal him in other lights not less attractive. As a letter-writer he appears as a man of wit and humour as well as of sympathy and sensitiveness; there are here letters by the score which reveal excellent good sense and good, warm heart, and not infrequently kindly wit as well. The long series to his early patron, Mr. Combe, and his wife, prove him to have been possessed of a literary gift from the first, and to have been no exception to the rule I have often observed to exist, in spite of the fallacious opinion to the contrary—that the best artists are commonly the most articulate non-professional speakers and writers of any community whatsoever. It is, at least, quite certain that Millais' mistrust of his literary abilities was quite unjustified. At the time when I proposed to him that he should write those "Thoughts on our Art of To-day" which Mr. Prinsep here incorrectly assumes to be his friend's sole effort in that direction, he told me that Thackeray had once asked for an article on a similar subject for the *Cornhill*, of which the novelist was at that time the editor, and that he had replied—"Why, I can't even write grammar!" "Oh, d—n your grammar," retorted Thackeray. "I've half a dozen fools in the office can write grammar!"

But Millais could not only sketch, but write facile and sometimes charming. The Thackerayan touch about the late R.A. Exhibition" that begins:

"First Monday in May"
Is the opening day
Of the great K. A.
When the pulpit
But the thing
Is the private
Select and few
For the sweet

Elbow and push
 Your way through
 To the porter's;
 At the top of the
 A catalogue he
 Will deliver to
 With bended knee
 And graceful

"Songs" he also wrote on occasions called "the poetic mania on him." Probably the prettiest example, and which share Miss Millais' regret that the fourth verse

TO PSYCHOLOGY

O Psyche, what a charming sight
When Cupid was thy slave;
Thou mightst have cut his hair
Too close to grow again
And cast his quiver far away
His crimson robes set free
Of cruel barbs, and left him
The rose without a thorn
Thou mightst have profaned his lips
Broken his bow in twain
And saved the world from all our pains
From yearnings, grief and tears

The public knew that the artist could be a poet with his brush—but Millais, the jolly sportsman, the bluff, hearty, emphatic Englishman, a poet? That surely will come as a revelation, or at least as a surprise.

Yet the refinement of this splendid example of æsthetic cultivation was no more than might have been expected, notwithstanding that he would had manfully disparage himself. "I'm an awful dunce!" I remember his saying one day when, after quoting the poets for a time, he could not recollect a line he was in want of. His feeling for poetry was very keen, but not keener than his love for music, which, as much as any of his life's delights, was one of the most genuine among his passions. Sir Arthur Sullivan's contribution on this subject leaves the reader in no sort of doubt upon the point.

Had it been possible I should have liked to reflect here the charm of this fascinating book and to give some sort of idea of the interesting facts of every kind to be found in it, of the delightful stories, the curious incidents, the innumerable anecdotes, sometimes of historical importance and always entertaining, with which the volumes are packed. And besides, I confess I should have liked to dispute one or two minor statements or supplement one or two facts. But I am encroaching my special tribute, however, must be paid to the extraordinary completeness of the illustrations, in number and variety. Nearly every picture of Millais' best art is reproduced—some of them in several stages: studies by the dozen, sketches by the score, usually drawings, notes, and pictures unknown in great part to the public, and here lavishly set forth so as to lend freshness to others which, to be frank, are by this time somewhat hackneyed. But there is nothing here which were better out, nothing which can be spared from a record which lays claim to completeness.

There have been borrowed variously interesting. The picture of the master, executed eleven or twelve; but I have in hand, earlier even than this quaint pictorial endorsement received illustrates, in another and scorn of conventionalism for "The Boyhood of Raffles" as containing portraits of the now dead, Everett and Good to the father's infinite grief illustration, the most touching portrait of Charles Dickens as Mr. Luke Fildes was making, "The Empty Chair" for the reproduction of which Mrs. Dickens herself to permit, is recognized the likenesses of her father in the public with the respect of artist, and the superlative master.

H. SEELMANN.



A Sketch made by Sir J. E. Mills
he ever received
From "Life and Letters of Sir J. E. Mills" (Mather)

NOVEMBER 11, 1899

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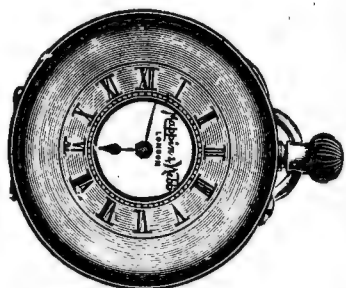
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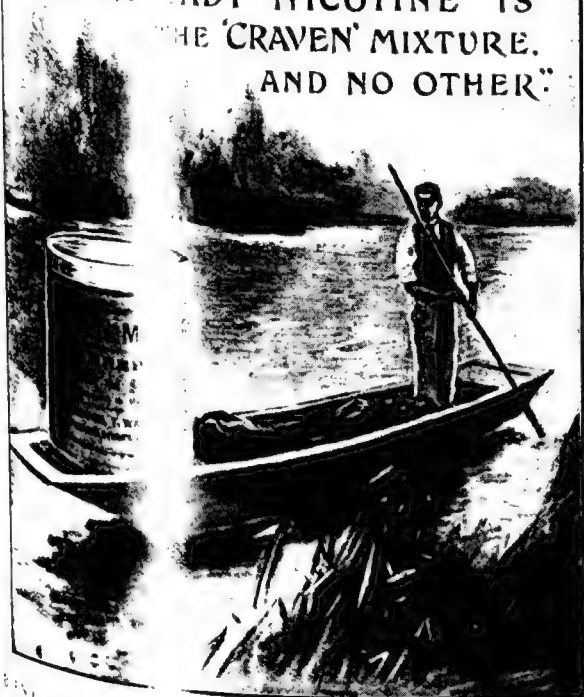
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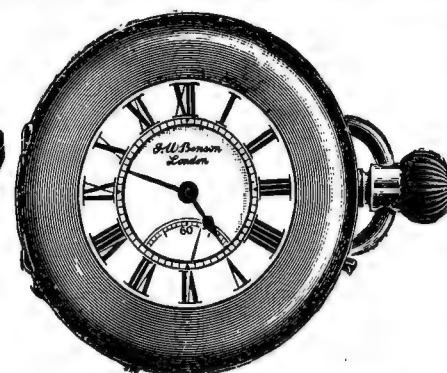
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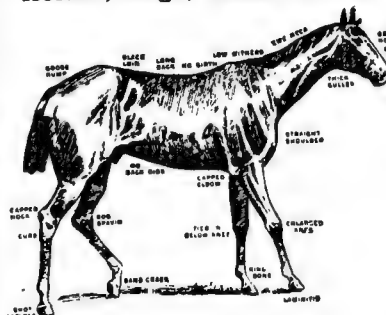


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adventurous career as a hopeless lunatic in the Salpêtrière. But this is not until two hideously powerful scenes—one, in which her vengeance upon her first seducer falls upon the wrong head, and the other in which it falls, deservedly enough, upon the right one—have stamped her indelibly upon the memory. Another of the types covered by the title is given in the portrait of Nicette, in whom hysterical religious exaltation alternates with hysterical passion—and between Nicette and Théroigne the unfortunate young gentleman to whom is allotted the rôle of "hero" is exposed to temptations and trials which not even his virtue could finally have outlasted without the assistance of the guillotine. The author has grasped his whole subject well, both in its historical and in its psychological aspects. The effective introduction of such personages as Philippe Egalité, Madame de Genlis and many others of similar note broadens the reader's interest and strengthens the author's hand. The novel is to be unhesitatingly classed among the exceptionally well worth reading.

"THE PATTEN EXPERIMENT"

The agricultural labour question has attracted the attention of Mary E. Mann, who, in "The Patten Experiment" (T. Fisher Unwin), tells how the Reverend Eustace Patten, his wife, and a number of his own and Mrs. Patten's brothers and sisters, aged from seven to seventeen, tried to live on eleven shillings a week as labourers in a country parish. The result is disaster. Before the first week of the experiment is out the children are down with measles, the clergyman has become so weak from insufficient food as to get dead drunk on a single glass of home-made rhubarb wine, prescribed for colic by a kindly neighbour; his young brother Tony falls into trouble by poaching rabbits for the half-starved family—and the moral, pointed by the village doctor, is that only through the habit of semi-starvation, cultivated from birth, can the human system adapt itself to the conditions of agricultural labour. So when the Reverend Eustace goes to his living, it is with such broadened sympathies as to be ready with an excuse even for the drunken members of his flock—especially when their excess is due to home-made wine. The story tends somewhat towards farce, and this gives all the more effect to its intention. It will be found amusing, and something more.

"THAT FORTUNE"

A certain scornful emphasis must be thrown upon the demonstrative pronoun in order to bring out the point of the title of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's "That Fortune" (Harper and Brothers). The daughter and heiress of a great self-made American millionaire is brought up, so far as modern conditions will allow, like one of those Princesses in a fairy tale who are shut up in impenetrable towers—impenetrable, that is to say, in the belief of their builders. But every child has learned from those same tales who it is that laughs at locksmiths—and so it is in this very up-to-date adaptation of a story as old as the days of Danaë. Not only so, but the good young man who wins his way to the heart of the Princess is granted a proof, ample enough to convince the most cynical reader, of his freedom from mercenary views. In short, the millions vanish, and everybody is only the better off—including the reader of a simply constructed and brightly told story, with an abundance of really clever talk and (if anybody cares to look for it) of healthy moral.

"THE DESIRE OF MEN"

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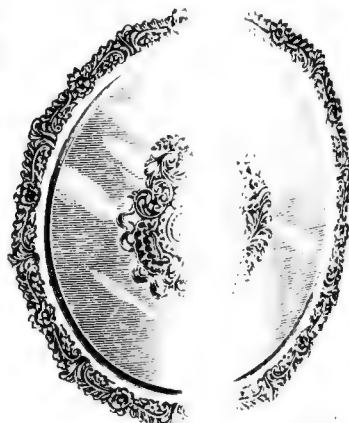
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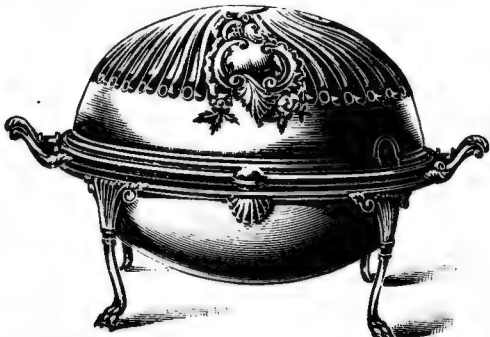


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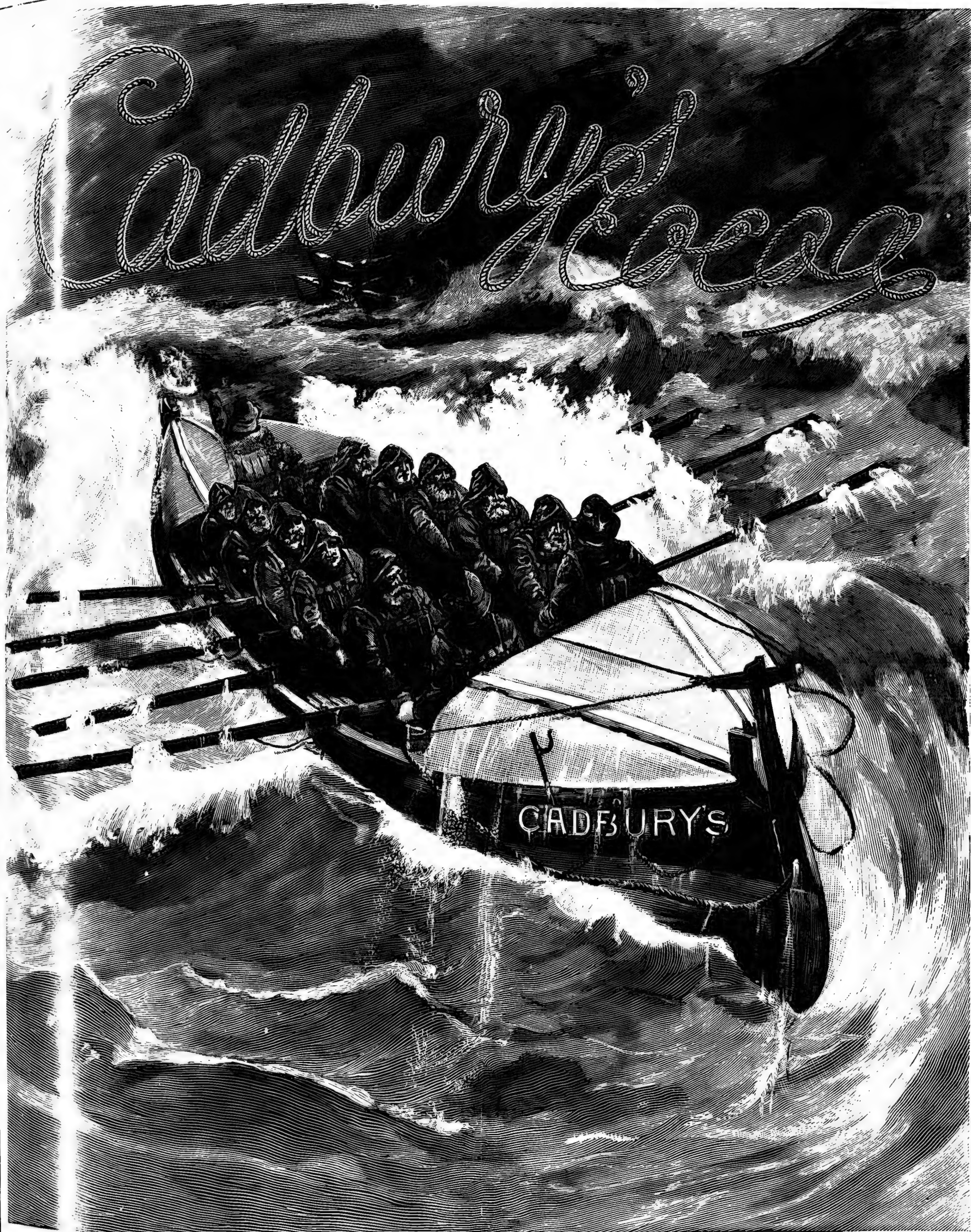
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Artillery of the Campaign

THE Artillery which takes the field with a British force consists of a 12-pounder Horse Artillery gun and a 15-pounder Field Artillery gun. The two guns are practically of the same pattern, the only difference being that the barrel of the former is shorter than that of the latter. Horse Artillery, as the name implies, is meant to co-operate with Cavalry, and it is capable of accompanying the latter arm at the fastest pace which has been made possible by mounting the gunners. Field Artillery, on the other hand, has to co-operate with Infantry, and when marching with it it goes at the same rate, the gunners being on foot too, but since contingencies of the fight frequently necessitate the guns being rapidly pushed into action, seats for the gunners are provided on the limber and on the gun carriage.

The term "12-pounder" and "15-pounder" is derived from the weight of the rounds those guns usually fire. For instance, the weight of a projectile and powder charge of a Horse Artillery gun is about twelve pounds. This denomination is used for Field and Horse Artillery only, all other guns derive their names from their calibre, i.e., the diameter of their bore. For instance, a 6-inch gun means a gun the bore of which has a diameter of six inches.

Both Horse and Field Artillery, the calibre of which is three inches, fire shrapnel and case shot. A shrapnel is a hollow shell filled with 200 bullets and a small bursting charge just sufficient to split it open and to release the bullets, which then disperse over a conical area. Fig. 1 shows the section of such a shell. The bursting charge, weighing one and a half ounces, is contained at the base of the shell, while the bullets are built up above it round an inner tube which reaches from the head of the projectile to the chamber containing the bursting charge. To prevent the bullets from rolling about, which would greatly interfere with the accuracy of shooting, the interstices between them are filled with resin. It must, of course, be understood that the powder charge which sends the shell flying is quite separate from the latter. The powder charge is contained in a silken bag so packed as to fit exactly into the breech of the gun. Consequently, when a gun is being loaded the breech mechanism is opened, the shell inserted into the bore of the gun, the powder charge after it, then the breech mechanism is closed, and the gun is ready for firing.

Now let it be explained how the explosion of the shrapnel is brought about. It will be seen that the projectile shows at its upper end a funnel-like opening whence a tube extends down to the bursting charge. Into this opening is screwed the fuse which causes the explosion of the shell. This fuse, the position of which when fitted into the shell is shown in fig. 1 by the dotted semicircular line at the top, though only about three inches high and about one and a half inches broad, is a perfect gem of intricate mechanical skill, and it is no exaggeration to say that it works with clock-like accuracy. It can be used either as a percussion fuse or as a time fuse. In the former case it will cause the shell to burst by impact. On the shell being fired, a certain hammer-shaped needle will be set free and on the shell being arrested in its flight, either by reaching the ground or by striking some solid substance, this needle ignites an explosive composition which will send its flashes down the centre tube into the bursting charge, and a shower of bullets, intermingled with fragments of the broken shell, will spread in all directions. "Percussion fuse" will principally be used if a solid target has to be battered down, as, for instance, a wall or a fortified house, while "time fuse" will be employed against troops in the open or behind slight entrenchments.

In this case a short and simple manipulation of the gunner has the effect that, on the projectile being fired, a ring of a low burning substance contained in the fuse is set alight, which, at a certain time after the shell has left the gun, will ignite the explosive composition before mentioned, thereby causing the powder charge to break the shell into pieces and throw a shower of bullets against the enemy. Now, it must be noted, that "percussion fuse" breaks in the shell at the moment of impact, while "time fuse" explodes in the air in front and above the enemy. The fragments of the shell and the bullets now set free will naturally retain the same velocity the shell had on bursting, and it is easy to imagine what terrible havoc such a shot must work amongst the enemy if one remembers that a single shrapnel contains 200 bullets, while the shell itself is broken up into numerous pieces too. From its deadly effect the

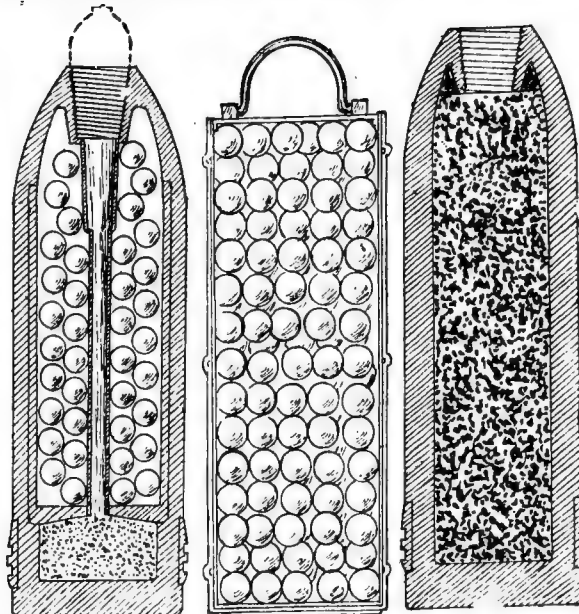


Fig. 1.—Shrapnel

Fig. 2.—Case Shot

Fig. 3.—"Common Shell" with powder or Lyddite bursting charge

THREE TYPES OF SHELLS

shrapnel has appropriately been called the "man-killing projectile." What a wonderful piece of mechanism the fuse is will be clear from the fact that, notwithstanding the enormous velocity with which a shrapnel travels through the air, gunners are able to determine to within a yard the point at which the shell is to explode.

Fig. 2 shows the section of a case shot, which is exceedingly seldom used in comparison with shrapnel; as a matter of fact it is the last resort of a battery threatened by an infantry or cavalry attack from close quarters, and its effect does not reach beyond a range of about 500 yards. A case shot is loaded like a shrapnel, the powder charge being separate too. It contains 300 bullets packed in a case of sheet tin, which breaks into pieces when the gun is fired, causing the bullets to be scattered in all directions on leaving the muzzle of the gun. In this way a case shot acts quite differently to a shrapnel, which may be said to carry its bullets in a compact body to its target, exploding when reaching it.

It has already been mentioned that the projectiles are quite separate from the projectiles, so obviously the two distinct manipulations necessary when loading the gun. To overcome the consequent delay is the object of quick-firing guns, the projectiles of which have charge and shell combined in the same manner as an infantry bullet. It is very probable that in future the whole of the British Field and Horse Artillery will be converted into quick-firing guns. Differing from the ordinary line guns, which have not only shell and charge combined, but in addition to this, effect the loading of the shell by the extruding of the empty cartridge automatically by the action of the gun. Such weapons fire with an enormous rapidity. For instance, which use infantry ammunition, 600 rounds in a minute, and such is the friction of the barrel from getting red hot, it is surrounded with a jacket containing water, which begins to boil and evaporates as steam, so that 1,000 rounds fired one and a half pints of water are good the loss caused by evaporation.

When troops have the advantage of a well-constructed cover, such as the parapets of a trench, it is manifestly difficult to obtain effect with the ordinary shrapnel. In such a case it is necessary to speak, shall drop amongst the defenders. The fire is supplied by the howitzer battery, which throws high into the air, and in their fall they come down perpendicularly amongst the foe.

There is a third kind of projectile used by the 5-in. howitzer, the big naval guns and the 12-in. howitzer, viz., the "common shell," a section of which is shown in fig. 3. While similar to a shrapnel in appearance, it is not filled with bullets, but contains a large bursting charge which explodes on impact, being ignited by a percussion fuse. These shells are used for the destruction of solid targets such as walls, forts, and works. When, for instance, a common shell is fired against a wall, it will explode after it has embedded itself in the masonry, and will not only pulverise the part actually hit but will also cause the stone layer surrounding the point of impact. This explosive power is enormously increased by using Lyddite for the bursting charge.

Lyddite, so called from the Government works at Lydd in Kent, is a high explosive of an extremely disastrous nature when fired against solid targets, as exemplified by the destruction of the Mahdi's tomb at Omdurman. It is equally fatal to troops in case formations, so much so that a single shell is considered capable of causing the death of every man should it happen to explode in the centre of a battalion drawn up in quarter column. The Lyddite shell which recently disabled the 42-pounder of the 1st Division, and which drew forth Foubert's well-known protest, probably blew the gunners or that ill-fated ordnance into atoms. At the same time, it must be admitted that its effect is very local. While pulverising everything within a radius of about forty yards, its effect rapidly decreases beyond this limit. Continental experts are of opinion that the ordinary shrapnel has greater effect against troops in open order than a high explosive shell, which should be used against solid targets only. Mountain batteries, forming a conspicuous part of the equipment of the Indian Army, consist of light guns, the barrels of which can be unscrewed into two and even three pieces and loaded on mules, and by this means they can be transported and can come into action on ground which would present insuperable obstacles to any ordinary battery.



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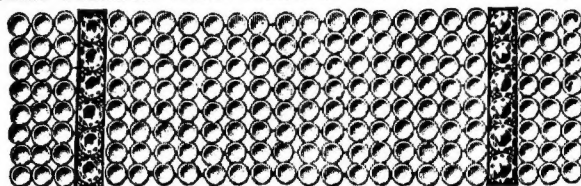
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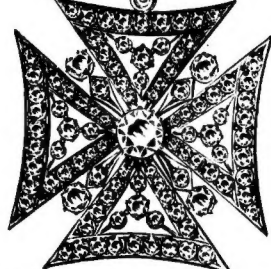
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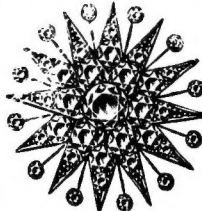
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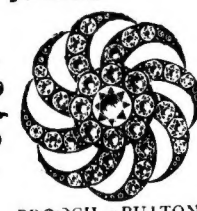
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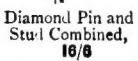
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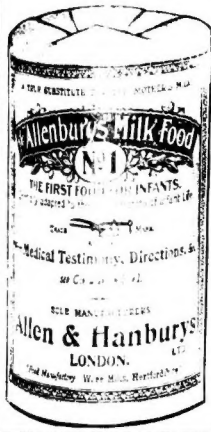
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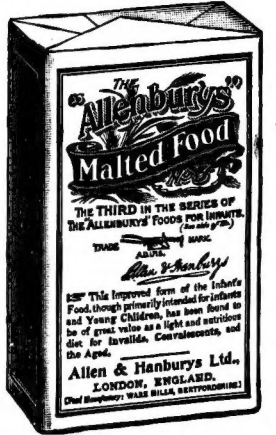
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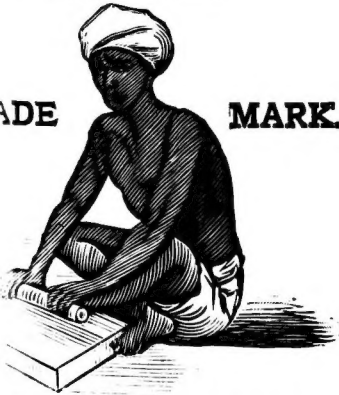
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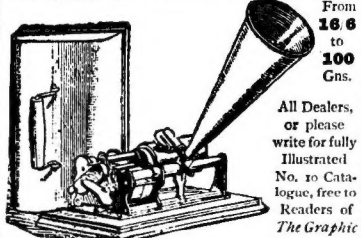
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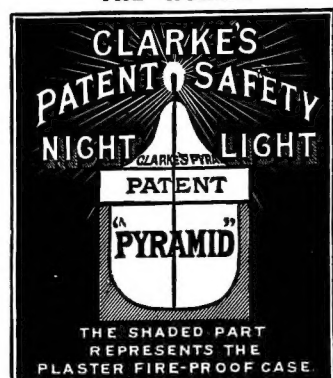


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